THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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ALL FOR AMNESTY.

Immense Demonstration in Favor of Liberating the Irish Political Prisoners Held at Battery D Armory Last Saturday Night.

One of the Greatest Gatherings Ever Held in This City—Speeches by Chairman Finerty, Senator Cullom, Gov. Altgeld, Dr. Hirsch and Col. Kavanaugh.

The Policy of England Arraigned in the Preamble and Resolutions Unanimously Adopted.

The officers and members of the United Irish Societies of Chicago may well congratulate themselves on the magnificent success that attended the great Amnesty Meeting, in behalf of the Irish political prisoners, held in the vast auditorium of Battery D Armory last Saturday night. It was, by far, the finest Irish gathering seen in Chicago for a considerable time—its only equals being that which greeted Parnell in 1880; and that which celebrated the Emmet anniversary at the Auditorium in 1895. As every seat was filled and the usually vacant spaces were packed with people, it is estimated that fully 7,000 men and women were assembled under the roof of the Armory. Men of all parties met in the hall and on the platform—all animated by a desire to achieve the liberation of men who have suffered, and are suffering, living deaths at the hands of their English jailers.

At 8 o'clock, John J. Mahony, President of the United Irish Societies; John T. Keating, State President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; John F. Finerty, Chairman of the meeting; T. H. Clifford, Secretary, and P. H. Keenan, Chairman of the Reception Committee, escorted to the platform U. S. Senator Shelby M. Cullom, Governor John P. Altgeld, Rev. Emil G. Hirsch and Col. Marcus Kavanaugh, the speakers of the evening, all of whom were cheered as they took their seats.

On the stage, besides the speakers and officers, the following were seated: James Bradley, Maj. L. R. Buckley, F. Conroy, M. Finnegan, J. J. Brennan, Thomas Keating, Judge Gibbons, Martin Hayes, Ald. Charles Martin, Judge Haney, William Houlihan, E. F. Ryan, John Powers, D. Kavanaugh, R. C. McDonald, M. J. McNamara, Frank J. Morgan, Miles J. Devine, P. V. Fitzpatrick, W. K. Sullivan, M. McDonough, Representative B. Mahony, Thos. Magner, Thomas Kavanaugh, J. Foley, John J. Phelan, E. J. Flinn, Capt. John Byrne, William Dillon, M. J. Keane, John J. Kinane, John Roche, and many others.

John J. Mahony called the meeting to order, as President of the United Irish Societies, under whose uspices it was held. He made some brief remarks and introduced John F. Finerty to preside.

The Chairman's Speech.

Mr. Finerty, in taking the chair, said he felt highly honored in being called upon to preside over a meeting of such majestic proportions, called together for an object so noble and so appealing. They were about to speak on a question of justice and humanity to the civilized world, because when Chicago spoke on any subject of human interest, the whole world heard her voice (Applause). They were not there to apologize for the Irish political prisoners, or for the acts they were alleged to have committed in a season of great political excitement (cheers), when their country, or the country of their fathers, was groaning under an odious tyranny (Continued applause). They were not there to crave a charity from the British government, but to demand justice.

It was with poor grace that England could now refuse to give these men their freedom. Recently Dr. Jameson and his band of outlaws walked over the frontier of the South African Republic, shedding the blood of innocent people. When they were sentenced to death, Joseph Chamberlain, the English Colonial Secretary, went down on his knees before President Krueger and begged for their lives. The Boers, more generous than England would have been, gave these men their freedom, and this clemency should shame England into doing justice to those Irish-Americans and Irishmen who are now confined in her dungeons. The country whose statesmen had gone into hysterics of horror over the political dungeons of Naples and Palermo; the country whose ministers were the friends and admirers of Mazzini, the Italian revolutionist and conspirator; the country which declared by the voice of one of its greatest jurists, when Dr. Bernard was tried in England for complicity in the attempt to murder Napoleon III by the explosion of an infernal machine in the streets of Paris, that, though 500,000 French bayonets should glitter on the cliffs of Dover, Bernard would not be surrendered to French justice—such a country could not consistently afford to prolong the punishment of Irishmen who, driven to desperair, made forceful demonstrations, as it is alleged they did, against Ireland's enemies in the streets of their capital. (Loud cheers).

As American citizens, they had the sovereign right to demand the liberty of their fellow citizens unjustly deprived of liberty. If there were at the Court of St. James an ambassador worthy of the American nation—if Thomas F. Bayard were a true American and a friend of liberty, he would demand the liberation of men already punished with a vindictiveness that made them hail the companionship of the very vermin of their cells (Sensation). The great trouble was that the average traveling American statesman seemed to lose all character the moment he breathed the atmosphere of London (Laughter and cheers). When he came within range of the Prince of Wales' after dinner breath (Great laughter) he seemed to forget all about America, and became at once a loyal Briton in heart and in action. Yes, the postprandial breath of the heir to the British crown was more fatal to the strength of a Bayard, than were the shears of Delilah to the locks of Samson (Loud cheers and laughter). It was the universal sentiment, outside of England, that the prisoners, whether guilty or otherwise, had suffered enough and ought to be set free (Applause).

They had present that night, to advocate their freedom, illustrious Americans, representatives of the German-Americans and Irish-Americans also, and, as the chairman was permitted to be brief—a privilege not often adhered to, but which he would endeavor to adhere to—he would not detain them with lengthy remarks, but desired to thank them for the interest they had displayed by rallying in such numbers to a gathering called in the name of justice and humanity (Applause). He did not flatter himself that the British heart or conscience could be touched by great meetings or strong resolutions, but British shame might be awakened by the exposure of the evil practices of the British government.

Mr. Finerty then introduced the Secretary, Mr. Clifford, who read letters of regret from Ex-Gov. R. J. Oglesby, Luther Laflin Mills, Attorney-General Moloney, Congressman Aldrich, John R. Walsh, Washington Hesing and others.

Mr. John T. Keating was then introduced and, in a fine clear voice, read the following memorial and resolutions which were greeted with great enthusiasm, and were unanimously adopted:

Preamble and Resolutions.

The quality of mercy is something that appeals, or should appeal, to every human heart. God Himself is mercy. If he were not, how few of His creatures could ever hope to enjoy His glory. Man, made in the image and likeness of God, should possess the attribute of mercy above and before all other qualities. But the members of the British Ministerial cabinet seem destitute of God's mercy; for, from fifteen to thirteen years, several unhappy Irish-Americans, citizens of the United States, and many Irishmen who are claimed as subjects of the British crown, have been kept in stringent confinement, and subjected to brutal restrictions and penalties, on charge of having committed certain quasi-political offenses, proven against them, to British satisfaction at least, by the salaried detectives and professional spies of the British government.

At the time when the offenses charged were committed, Ireland was deprived of the operation of the habeas corpus act, the jails were filled with Irishmen unconstitutionally arrested; famine spread in the island; the people were being evicted by the thousands—in some instances fire being set to their houses by kerosene torches in the hands of sheriff's posses—a state of war and terror virtually prevailed in Ireland, as the country was occupied by a formidable English army and by an armed constabulary equally formidable. Many lives were lost on the side of the people, in the effort to preserve their homes, but it is not recorded that the forces of the British government suffered any loss throughout the troubles specified. Under such circumstances, it is hardly wonderful that what are called outrages, and attempts at outrage, occurred in London and elsewhere in England. Nobody was killed or seriously injured in these attempts, at least on the English side. England was thrown into a fury of terror, and every man who was regarded as a suspect, for any cause whatever, was set upon by the police, arrested, "tried" before prejudiced juries, materially aided by partisan judges, convicted and consigned, in most cases for life, to British penal institutions. Although accused of causing explosions by the use of dynamite, they were tried under the Treason-Felony act, passed specially for the conviction of John Mitchel in 1848, and intended to serve as a drag net in all cases where Irishmen threatened the existence of British rule in Ireland. The Irish-Americans among the prisoners were not granted the privilege of a mixed jury, and they were obliged to accept the British verdict, denied of their alien privileges.

Considering all the circumstances, we believe that all the men so convicted have suffered sufficiently, whether they were guilty of the offenses charged or otherwise, and, in the words of our fellow-countrymen resident in the Transvaal, South Africa, who passed resolutions on the subject at a meeting held in Johannesburg last month, we hold "that all right-minded men will admit that the said political prisoners if guilty, were goaded to the acts for which they were arrested fifteen years ago, by the oppressive measures meted out for many years toward the land of our birth. That justice and fair dealing alike demand that the clemency and magnanimity shown by his Honor the President and Executive Council of this Republic (the South African) in liberating most of, if not all, the political prisoners arrested in connection with the Jameson raid on the Transvaal, be extended to the Irish political prisoners."

In addition, we, citizens of Chicago, and of the United States, in mass meeting assembled,

Resolve, That common decency, not to mention common humanity, demands that the British government should at once set free the Irish political prisoners, who were not engaged, at least, in an underhand invasion of an independent and peaceful state which had inflicted on them and theirs no injury;

That if the Colonial Secretary of England did not consider it beneath his dignity to abjectly appeal for mercy for the Johannesburg raiders to President Krueger, of the South African Republic, after their defeat, conviction and death sentence, we do not consider it beneath ours to demand from his government the release of men whose hands are bloodless, and who did not make war on their peaceful neighbors;

That we call upon the President of the United States to use his good offices for the immediate liberation of Irish-Americans, citizens of this country, still confined in British penitentiaries.

When the applause had ceased Chairman Finerty said:

I have now the great honor and pleasure of presenting to you a gentleman who has always been a friend of Ireland on all occasions and under all circumstances, and a friend of liberty everywhere. I introduce to you Hon. Shelby M. Cullom.

Senator Cullom.

As Senator Cullom arose he was greeted with cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which lasted for some time, and throughout his speech he was continually applauded. Senator Cullom said:

Many years ago John Quincy Adams, when in a sentimental mood, wrote the following lines:

"Proud of herself, victorious over fate,
See Erin rise, an independent state."

The great statesman, more hopeful than prophetic, did not live to see the realization of his vision. Year after year has passed, generation has followed generation, and still Ireland, although "proud of herself," has not become "victorious over fate." What the future has in store for her is hidden from our view, but the day when Ireland shall rise "an independent state" will come. The assumption of sovereignty over the territory or commerce of her colonial dependents has never been waived by England except when menaced by absolute certainty of defeat. England never abandons a war of conquest or usurpation unless some great power of the world intervenes. Neither sentiment nor sympathy has a place in the policy of Great Britain. I had occasion a few months ago, in referring to the treatment of colonies of European monarchies, to use the following language:

Taxes, duties and imposts of the utmost severity are collected from the helpless inhabitants, and thereafterward there is no more consideration shown toward the colony than the lion shows a lamb. The only compassion or relenting which is ever manifested is that which will encourage the suffering people to produce a greater revenue for their masters. A hundred and twenty years ago that was the relation this country held toward the British crown. Our people, our immediate ancestors, in their trade and manufactures, were as completely subjugated by the laws of England, enforced by the war power, as if they were suffering imprisonment under penal statutes. The commercial and manufacturing interests of the United States, or rather of the colonies, as they were known prior to our revolution, were wholly and absolutely at the mercy of the English parliament.

The history of Ireland, as one writer says, is a story of "700 years of tears and groans."

Wendell Phillips, in writing of the struggles of Ireland, said: "Was not her very heart plucked out by confiscations and reverses? Before Cromwell left Ireland that country had become a perfect Aceldema. The angel of death had smitten every household. Horrors upon horrors—nameless iniquities were peopetrated with fiendish malignity. Six hundred thousand of her children were slain, and Ireland had become worse than a wilderness. There was never such slaughter since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus."

With what feelings of wonder must we look at a people who have withstood for century after century such oppression. And they were not exterminated. The Green Isle has not only buried a patriot on nearly every yard of her soil, but she has peopled largely this Nation across the sea with other patriots, who rest on every field over which the stars and stripes now wave. It was hoped that, with the Gladstonian conversion of Home Rule for Ireland, and the reaccession of that aged statesman to the Premiership of England a few years ago, some important modifications of the rigidity of British control might give promise to the Irish people. But that hope has not been wholly realized. The penalties for political convictions remain just as burdensome as before. The chains draw just as tightly about human beings as they have been, and the doom of outlawry or banishment is just as terrible as ever.

America has a kinship and a sympathy with the oppressed of Ireland, and other suffering countries, and that sympathy has its value and effect. A few years ago Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Irish member of parliament, said: "It is the Irish race in America that have largely the decision of the question in their hands. Living under the flag of a free country, in those prominent positions to which the talents of their race entitle them at home and abroad, it is they who are most feared by the enemies of their country."

The influence of sympathetic America has its weight and effect. Since America has enunciated its absolute support of the Monroe doctrine, our declarations mean something. Whether we talk about the patriots of Cuba, the boundary of Venezuela, or the future of Ireland, our utterances have significance so long as they are controlled by the laws of humanity. Some say the world will follow the United States. Some time our great doctrines of liberty and eqality will dominate the earth, and that day will be the day of jubilee to the oppressed everywhere. Meantime, and until then, the American heart goes out in full sympathy and feeling with the weak and the suffering of all nations. The latent love of liberty and justice toward mankind, which the people of the United States have always fostered, found an unexpected expression when the mandate of Abraham Lincoln broke the shackles and severed the bonds of many millions of black men, and at the same time made free many millions more of white men.

This meeting is held by your various societies and associations in the interest and on behalf of certain persons who have long been held in the prisons of Great Britain. They are called political prisoners. Some of them are American citizens. It is the purpose, doubtless, to appeal to that government to release them from their long and suffering bondage. I cannot recount the story of their alleged offenses or of their trials. I am not prepared to speak by the record, but I am always prepared to appeal to the powers that be in behalf of the suffering, and to ask that in the punishment of offenses justice shall be tempered in mercy.

While we are asking for the release of these in prison, we can also remember their helpless families, who are left depennent by the misfortunes which have come upon their husbands and fathers and sons. As I stand in this presence I am reminded of the great occasion when, as Governor of our commonwealth, I stood in the presence of a vast throng of many thousand Irish-American citizens and welcomed among us Charles Stuart Parnell, the Irish reformer, who became the leader of the Home-Rule party in the English parliament. He was here then on a mission of mercy for his oppressed and suffering people. You are here now still pleading for the relief of those of your countrymen in distress. How long, oh! how long will your people be called upon to suffer in the penitentiaries of Great Britain? How long will Ireland be deprived of Home Rule?

When I visited Ireland some years ago I went to the old Parliament House in Dublin, which was then, and perhaps is now, used as a bank. I then hoped that it would be only a little while until Ireland would have a Parliament again, and that the money-changers would be called upon to vacate that old building, and that it would be again the seat for the law-making power for Ireland. I have in this, as you have, been disappointed. I am informed that in all the nations where the sons and daughters of Ireland can be found amnesty meetings are being held, calling upon the British government, as an act of common humanity, as well as of simple justice, to release the political prisoners [illegible] in English prisons.

Even in the Transvaal, that country in South Africa, which has been given so much trouble by British subjects (probably not without the knowledge ann consent of persons occupying positions of authority in the English government), the authorities, listening to the almost nnanimous appeal of the good people of America and England for mercy, have granted a full pardon to the rank and file as well as the leaders of the movement to subvert their government.

Will Great Britain, proud of her position as one of the greatest among civilized and Christian nations, refuse to extend that clemency to her Irish political prisoners which the government of the Transvaal in South Africa extended to British subjects without reserve or hesitation?

Fellow citizens, this moment our own government is confronted by the perplexing question as to the nature and extent of its obligation to extend sympathy and succor to a people struggling for liberty, almost in sight of our shores. Our own independence was largely secured through timely help extended to us by a friendly power. The obligations toward each other, in so far as it is possible to give them definite utterance, have their expression in the formulas of international law, but as all international law has its origin and sanction in mixed questions of morality and expediency, the determination of our duty forces us to look behind the rules of international law to those considerations of humanity and morality, and to those questions of expediency upon which all international relationships finally exist.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" The solution of this problem has advanced with the advance of ages, but ever and anon, in all the social and industrial and political relationships of mankind, it reoccurs under ever changing circumstances and conditions. This grand debate of humanity relates both to the nature and extent of human helpfulness. We are met by these questions in our relations with each other as individuals, as communities, as states, and as nations. The American continent is substantially free from foreign rule. Washington, in his farewell address, counseled a policy of non-intervention in the struggles and affairs of foreign nations, but neither international law nor the past policy of the government forbids American citizens calling upon foreign governments in the name of justice and humanity to deal justly in its punishment of offenders.

May we live to see the day when not only those political prisoners, for whom we appeal tonight, may in the judgment of England be set free, but that the edict may come forth which shall bring the Irish people out of their wilderness. These are days of wonderful advancement. Who can tell what will happen? Who knows but the fulfillment of Ireland's desting may be almost at its "harvest home?" The dawn of the twentieth century approaches, and I believe every American patriot has a hope that that day's sun will shine upon a free Cuba, a happy Armenia, and a liberated Ireland.

The chairman then introduced the governor, who was received with a tremendous outburst of applause.

Gov. Altgeld's Speech.

When the demonstration had subsided he said: The noblest instinct implanted by the Almighty in the heart of man is a love of freedom; a love of liberty. This is the mother of all achievement, of all that is great and good and glorious. That man and that people in whom this instinct has died must act the part of a drudge and a slave in the great drama of life. The brightest pages of all history are those that record the struggle for liberty. Whether that struggle failed or won, all the world lauds the effort.

On the other hand, the saddest annals of all the ages are those which tell the story of the nations in which the spirit of liberty was crushed. The story of man's inhumanity to man is as old as time. That the natural tendency of the influential and powerful is to appropriate the substance and control the action of their less fortunate brethren is one of the sad facts of this world. Robbery and oppressions generally manage to control the government and have the laws which protect it also shield them, so that it comes to pass that a mere protest against wrong becomes treason to the government.

And the story of the past is that under these circumstances there are always found servile creatures, as witnesses, jurors, judges and jailers, who, under the pretense of patriotism, are ready to crush the right and enthrone the wrong. In all countries and in all times the pathway to liberty has led across the plain of persecution, through the horrors of the dungeon, through the shadow of the gallows and by the red streams of the patriots' blood. But the world moves, and the civilized world now makes heroes of those men who do acts for their country which if done for themselves would make them criminals. The world now makes a distinction between common crime and what are called political crimes.

Some countries refuse to surrender as fugitives from justice men who have committed acts for their country for which they would otherwise be executed. To be sure, no government will recognize this principle in dealing with its own people—but internationally it is accepted. Grand old Ireland is moving along this path, and her case is the more pathetic because her sons have helped to lay the foundations of liberty in every country that boasts of free institutions today. If she could gather together the graves of her heroic children who died to maintain freedom in other lands they would form a holy mountain whose top would be encircled with an everlasting halo of glory. Instead of this, the waves of the Atlantic waft to us her cry of distress. We look across the waters and see some of her strongest men languishing in prisons. We hear the sneaking tread of the government spy. We hear the old, old old story of outrage committed in the name of the law, and we ask how long, O Lord, how long shall these things be?

In the case of the Irish prisoners the record makes a deep conviction on the mind that they were convicted on utterly insufficient evidence and simply as a convenience to the government. But even if it were not so, no man charges that they did anything to benefit themselves. Whatever stroke they gave was for the country that gave them birth. If they committed any offense it was what the world calls a political offense, and the sense of justice of the civilized world will demand their release whenever the facts are once known. Proclaim the facts from the hills—sound them over the waters—the avenging angel is not dead and time does even all things. Stand by the island where are the graves of your fathers and the time will come when the glad waters of the Atlantic will kiss the shores of a free Ireland. [Great cheering.]

Mr. Finerty next introduced Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, and the greeting tendered him was of the warmest and heartiest character. His speech caught the great audience from its opening remark, and every few sentences he uttered were punctuated with applause.

Dr. Hirsch's Speech.

The Irishman and the Jew always live in peace. Alike their histories are tales of oppression. So when I heard the recital of this wrong from the lips of your chairman, there was a responsive thrill in my breast. The Jew always feels for the unjustly imprisoned. There may be necessity for imprisonment, but these men had done nothing worthy of bonds. It is said that they have committed a political crime, but such offenses are impossible in a land truly free. There is no need of revolution in a land whose government is founded on justice. Perhaps England will not free these men, but future generations will remember and will cast a stigma upon that nation. Whether or not this meeting will accomplish anything is a question, but such actions cannot help but result in some good.

That government which refuses to set the political prisoner free has but little claim on the sympathies of humanity or honest people and nations. A political offense in the nineteenth century is an anachronism. When freedom rules there can be no political crimes, for freedom is its own correction and preservative. When England holds imprisoned these Irishmen for political offenses she stands confessed before the bar of humanity, of oppression and brutality. If England will not open its prison doors to these Irish martyrs posterity will the more surely honor and glorify them. Let liberty be given to Ireland and England need not fear Irish powder and dynamite.

"England stands confessedly before humanity as having done injustice to Ireland," said he, and the statement was received with cheers, "but the future ages will remember with blessings these prisoners in English dungeons. Let England give Ireland freedom and there will be no need of igniting powder under the Tower of London; it will all be exploded on the Irish Fourth of July. I add my voice to yours for the release of these prisoners."

Col. Kavanaugh's Speech.

Col. Marcus Kavanaugh was the last speaker. He said:

The English government seems determined to give the Irish race reason to hate it. Never in 700 years past has it listened to one appeal for justice except when the Irish demanded it with loaded rifles in their hands. The question at issue not only affects the Irishman, but the dignity of American citizenship and the whiteness of American honor. England has raised her hands in holy horror at the acts of the Russians in Siberia, but every demand for justice asked by Ireland has been met with the dungeon or the gibbet. If England had pursued the course toward the United States that she has toward the weaker nations she would not have a foot of territory left in North America. The maddening thought of it all is that these prisoners have not been proved guilty of the crimes charged against them. The fact that they were Americans showed the hostility and acrimony of Great Britain against this country at that time. The resolutions adopted tonight not only voice the sentiments of this meeting, but of the whole American people.

A vote of thanks was extended the speakers of the evening, and then Mr. J. J. Phalen sang "God Save Ireland," the audience standing and joining in the refrain, after which the great meeting dispersed.

OBITUARY.

MR. MATTHEW LAMB.

Matthew Lamb, for twenty-two years city meat inspector, and who was widely known among Chicago stockmen, died on Wednesday afternoon at his home, 4725 Union avenue, of catarrh of the stomach. His health failed him a year ago, and for the last five months he has been confined to his bed. His death, although expected, caused great sorrow among his large circle of friends. Mr. Lamb was born in Ireland in 1839, and came to Chicago in 1864, engaging in the meat business, which he has followed since his thirteenth year. Three years later he married Miss Bridget Ryan, who survives him. Thirteen children, ten boys and three girls, were born to them, four of the boys having died at an early age. The eldest son, Matthew, is engaged in the coffee, tea and spice business. Mr. Lamb was prominently connected during all his residence in Chicago with the Irish national movement, and was regarded with confidence and esteem by all his associates. By reason of his tireless industry and faculty of making friends, Mr. Lamb soon gained a large competency, and was regarded as an authority in the meat business. He was appointed city meat inspector under ex-Mayor Heath's administration. He held this position continuously until Harrison's last administration, but was reappointed by ex-Mayor Hopkins. Mr. Lamb was prominently connected with the controversy concerning the jurisdiction of the city and the State Live Stock association in the matter of the sale of lumpy-jawed cattle and sheep. Mr. Lamb was a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and was a prominent member of St. Gabriel's church, where the funeral services were held Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Interment was at Mount Olivet.

MR. THOMAS M'DERMOTT.

Mr. Thomas McDermott, of Hyde Park, this city, an old and esteemed citizen, a devout member of the Catholic church, and a faithful friend of Ireland, died suddenly of paralysis, at his residence, on Saturday of last week. He leaves a wife and family in good circumstances. Mr. McDermott was in apparently good health up to the date of his fatal seizure, and his death was a terrible shock to all who knew him. THE CITIZEN extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

MR. TIMOTHY KEANE.

The death of Mr. Timothy Keane, native of Caltra, County Galway, Ireland, occurred July 27, at 20 Beach street, Worcester, Mass., where he has resided for over fifteen years. This information will cause general regret among his many friends in this country and in Ireland. He was known to them all as one possessed of a kind, generous heart. His admirable qualities will be spoken of among his friends and acquaintances in Worcester, Caltra and elsewhere while one of them remains. Three brothers, William, Patrick, and Rev. Father John Keane survive him. The former reside in Boston, Mass., and the latter is assistant pastor in the town of Roscommon, Ireland. He also leaves two sisters in this city, Mrs. P. Tyrrell and Miss Nora Keane. May his soul rest in peace.

MRS. ROGER POWER.

Mrs. Roger Power, nee Nora Gleason, died at her residence, 9123 Superior avenue, on July 1, after a few weeks' illness. Requiem high mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's church, South Chicago, July 3, after which the funeral proceeded by carriages to Mount Olivet Cemetery, where interment took place. The funeral was largely attended, and many prominent citizens were present. Martin Hogan, Denis Rowan, Thomas McHugh, Michael Howard, Patrick Tully, and Patrick Cody were the active pall bearers. Mrs. Power was born near Nenagh, County Tipperary, Ireland, fifty-five years ago. Her death is very much regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was of a most amiable disposition, and those in her immediate vicinity have lost a good woman from amongst them. Her husband and six children who are left to mourn her loss, have the sympathy of a large circle of friends. May her soul rest in peace. Nenagh papers please copy.

Monroe Council, I. N. A.

The next meeting of Monroe Council, I.N.A., will be held on Friday evening, Aug. 14, at their hall, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue.

An Old Nurse for Children

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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BRYAN AND WATSON

TICKET PUT UP BY THE POPULIST CONVENTION.

The Nebraska Man Nominated in the Face of His Own Protest—The Platform.—Silver Men Nominate Bryan and Sewall for Their Standard Bearers.

ST. LOUIS, July 23.—The Populist and Silver conventions were launched yesterday, but neither made much headway. The Silver convention deemed it good policy to go slowly, in the belief that they might by remaining in session be able to exercise an influence in shaping things in the Populist convention. To this end they appointed a committee of seven, headed by Judge Scott, of California, to meet with a similar committee from the Populists, for the purpose of reaching a common plan of action. Representative Newlands was temporary chairman, and after a few speeches and the appointment of the usual committees a recess was taken to 5 p. m., at which hour William P. St. John, of New York, was installed as permanent chairman and Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, as vice chairman. Other committees made reports, and a recess taken to today.

WILLIAM P. ST. JOHN.

Populists Start Out Very Mildly.

The first session of the Populist convention was a disappointment to those who anticipated relentless, bitter war from the drop of the gavel, and it was a disappointment to those who imagined that the galleries would swarm with people. There was no wildcat fighting, and the galleries, which will hold 12,000 people, were practically an empty waste. Not over 600 spectators, at a liberal estimate, were in the balconies. The floor, where the delegates were gathered, was crowded with men who came from the farm, the mine, the workshop and the factory. They discarded conventionalities. Fully half of them sat in their shirt sleeves with their coats slung over the backs of their chairs.

Middle-of-the-Road Men Hold Back.

The day session, which lasted an hour and a half, developed nothing, except possibly that the "middle-of-the-road" contingent was afraid to put to the touch its claims. Tuesday night after Senator Butler had been chosen temporary chairman by the national committee and the "middle-of-the-road" men had ascertained that he favored Bryan's nomination they at once decided to depose him, as Hill was deposed by the Chicago convention. But they gave this up, and their refusal to submit to a test of strength was hailed by the Bryan men as conclusive evidence that they realized they where in the minority.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS OUT OF WHACK.

Eight Session Fails Because of Trouble with the Lightning.

Marion Butler took his seat as temporary chairman consequently without trouble. He made an extended address, which was an argument in favor of embracing the opportunity offered for carrying one of the planks of the Populist platform, while claiming himself to be a "middle-of-the-road" man. He was both cheered and told to "shut up." Governor Stone made an address of welcome, and Ignatius Donnelly replied with a red hot "middle-of-the-road," "no-fusion-with-anybody" speech that set that faction of the convention wild.

After a number of speeches the states were called for the usual committees and a recess was taken to 8 p. m. But there was no night session, owing to an accident which destroyed the electric light connections. A severe storm had passed over the city about 6 o'clock and the wires were blown down. Despite this fact the delegates assembled in the hall and waited for over an hour in total darkness for the lights to be turned on. About a dozen candles were brought in for the use of the newspaper men. One was placed on the chairman's table, and another was stuck in the top of a guidon in the middle of the pit. The effect was weirdly picturesque. Ghastly faces fluttered in and out of the ring of feeble light which the tallow dips cast. The band played and the crowds sang.

Speeches were made in the dark and the delegates appeared ready to stay all night if there was any prospect of light later on. There was naturally considerable apprehension that a panic might seize the crowd and a dire calamity, result in the rush for the entrances. The "middle-of-the-road" people became possessed of the idea that the Bryan men had put up a job on them, and that the hall was not lighted because they feared that the straight-outs would run away with the convention. They denounced it all as a trick and vowed vengeance long and deep. The incident recalled a similar one at the Cincinnati Republican convention of 1876 when the lights were shut off at a critical stage, just as Blaine's nomination seemed assured.

At 8:45 Chairman Butler declared the convention adjourned until this morning.

SECOND DAY'S WORK.

Bryan Men Elect Allen Permanent Chairman—The Silverites.

ST. LOUIS, July 24.—The Bryan men elected their choice for permanent chairman of the Populist convention last night by a vote of 758 to 564 for Campion, the "middle-of-the-road" nominee, and then went into nineteen minutes of the wildest enthusiasm that has so far marked the convention. This was the important event of the two sessions held yesterday, and shortly after Allen had concluded his speech on assuming the gavel the convention adjourned to this morning. The silver convention devoted the day to speech-making on the question principally of whether to go ahead and nominate a ticket and adopt a platform before conferring with the Populists. Adjournment shut off the debate.

One of the first things done by the Populists was to name the resolutions committee after being called to order at 10:10 a. m. During this session there were a number of demonstrations and attempted demonstrations. A resolution intended to bind the members not to bolt was sent to the resolutions committee. After that recess was taken to 3 p. m. and lasted to 3:35. During the recess the permanent organization committee decided on Allen for permanent chairman by a vote of 29 to 5 for Butler and 14 for Campion. The resolutions committee elected Weaver chairman, which was another Bryan victory.

The permanent chairman was sent for and escorted to his place, and upon assuming the gavel he spoke at length in favor of nominating Bryan, but urging that the silver men stick together. He was listened to with a great deal of interest. He has a reputation as a speaker. During the debate on the repeal of the Sherman law he talked fifteen hours against time. He was frequently interrupted with applause last night.

Procrastination was the pronounced feature of the Silver convention. It was anything to kill time from start to finish, and practically no business of importance was transacted. But it developed beyond a peradventure that the delegates with a very few exceptions are for Bryan and Sewall, and there is little doubt that they will be nominated. Every time their names were mentioned there was an outburst of applause, and their names were mentioned frequently.

WATSON FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

The "Middle of the Road" Men Dojn Neat Thing in Tactics.

ST. LOUIS, July 25.—The opposition to Sewall in the Populist convention practically swamped the Bryan forces at the day session of the convention yesterday, by making it impossible to prevent a division of the Chicago ticket. The leaders were powerless to check the strong feeling against the Bath shipbuilder and banker.

TOM WATSON OF GEORGIA.

When the proposition was made to change the regular order of the nominations the Bryan men strained every nerve to prevent it. They even pleaded. When the roll was called they rallied every vote at their command. Butler, of North Carolina, was a powerful ally with the ninety-five votes of the Old North State behind him. When the vote was figured up, however, and he ascertained that there was a majority of twenty-six in favor of the proposition the vote of the delegation was cast for the proposition and the radicals emerged from the contest with a majority of 170. This made the defeat of Sewall and the nomination of a Populist for vice president certain. After that the conference of the joint committee of the two conventions could come to nothing and the Silver convention getting the news promptly nominated Bryan and Sewall and adjourned sine die.

The anti-Bryan men, although they presented a minority platform demanding an irredeemable paper currency and crowed with bitter denunciation of the Democratic and Republican parties, did not attempt to press it after their victory. The majority report which is moderate and contains few radical propositions was adopted without a division and the minority report laid on the table. The platform of the Silver convention, which was introduced by the conference committee, was sent to the resolution committee, and the announcement that the Silver convention had nominated Bryan and Sewall was jeered.

Then the convention proceeded to nominate a ticket backward as decided upon. The following were nominated for vice president: Representative Skinner, of North Carolina; Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia; Frank Burkitt, of Mississippi; Arthur Sewall, of Maine, the Democratic candidate; Mann Page, of Maine; A. L. Mimms, of Tennessee. At 11:55 p. m. the chair announced the nominations closed and ordered a roll call to nominate and Watson won on first ballot.

Some one made a motion to make the nomination unanimous, and it was carried with a whoop. Immediately the "middle-of-the-road" men grasped their banners and started a demonstration. Then some one called attention to the fact that the nomination of Watson was announced at exactly 16 minutes of 1. This tickled the "middle-of-the-road" men, and they shouted "hurrah," "hurrah," and yelled "16 to 1." A few minutes later the lights were again turned on and after quiet was restored Congressman Howard, of Alabama, moved an adjournment until 9 o'clock this morning, and the motion was carried.

THEY WANT BRYAN.

Populist Nominate the Nebraska Man for President.

ST. LOUIS, July 27.—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, who was nominated by the Democratic national convention at Chicago a fortnight ago, was Saturday made the standard bearer of the Populist party by a vote of 1,042 to 321. The Democratic candidate was nominated in the face of his own protest in the shape of a telegram directing the withdrawal of his name, sent to Senator Jones, after Sewall, his running mate, had been ditched for the vice presidential nomination and Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, had been named for second place on the ticket. It was also made in the teeth of an opposition so bitter that after the convention adjourned some of the radicals held a "rump" convention.

The last session of the convention which lasted from 9:30 Saturday morning until almost 5 o'clock in the afternoon was marked by scenes of turbulence and noisy excitement which several times bordered on actual riot, and which almost precipitated personal collisions. One fist fight did occur, a Rhode Island delegate was ejected, and a West Virginia delegate, inflamed by the action of the convention, walked sullenly out of the hall. But the really dramatic features of this wild session were enacted behind the scenes. Rumors of what was going on in the wings reached the delegates, but they knew nothing definitely, and to the very end a message from Bryan, which might have changed the result, was kept from their ears. This was a telegram from Bryan stating his position fully regarding the nomination, and is stated to have been a refusal to accept without Sewall. This telegram Chairman Allen refused to permit to be read.

Norton got the majority of the solid vote of Texas, Michigan, New York, Missouri, Rhode Island and Wisconsin, and a respectable portion of the votes of Alabama, California, Kentucky, Illinois, and Ohio. The convention was hastily adjourned sine die after Bryan had been declared the nominee, and the radicals in the Texas, Arkansas, California, Illinois and Maine delegations proceeded to organize their "rump" convention. The aforesaid "rump" convention did not amount to much, the chief malcontents being the Texans. The only thing done was to appoint a committee to issue an "address."

THE POPULIST DECLARATION.

Pith of the Resolutions That the Party Concluded to Stand For.

ST. LOUIS, July 25.—The resolutions that were adopted by the Populist convention, so far as their principal and material planks are concerned, are as follows: They reaffirm allegiance to the platform of 1892. The financial planks demand "a national currency, safe and sound, and issued by the general government only, a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and without the use of banking corporations; an honest, equitable and efficient means of distribution direct to the people, and through the lawful disbursements of the government; the free and unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 by the United States without waiting for the consent of foreign nations."

Demand is also made for increase in the volume of the circulating medium; denunciation of the sale of bonds occurs; declaration is made for an income tax; postal savings banks are advocated; land monopoly is scored; government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines is demanded; the plan for refunding the Pacific railway debts now before congress is denounced; a declaration against permitting contracts payable in gold is inserted; the payment of government obligations in any kind of lawful money according to the alleged government "option" is demanded; the initiative and referendum is approved.

The platform demands the election of president, vice president and senators by popular vote; tenders sympathy to Cuban rebels and demands their recognition as independent; favors territorial home rule; declares that all public salaries should "correspond to the price of labor and its products;" calls for the employment of labor in times of depression on public works; denounces "government by injunction;" favors just pensions to veterans, and declares for a free and fair ballot.

ANTI-FREE SILVER MOVEMENT.

Gold Democrats Issue a Call for a National Anti-Silver Convention.

CHICAGO, July 25.—In accordance with action taken at a meeting of gold standard Democrats held here Thursday night, at which a committee was appointed to consider the matter, the committee met yesterday morning and made a report to the delegates favoring the calling of a convention of sound money Democrats and recommending the appointment of a committee of five, to be appointed by the chair (General James Bragg, of Wisconsin), which committee, in turn, should select members from each state to a national committee. It was further resolved that the national committee meet Aug. 7 in Indianapolis and issue the formal call for a national convention to be held at such time and place as they should decide. The report of the committe was submitted by Chairman Bragg and was unanimously adopted.

After the report of the committee had been adopted General Bragg announced the following members of the executive committee to select members of the national committee: General James Bragg, Wisconsin; W. D. Bynum, Indiana; H. S. Robbins, Illinois; James O. Broadhead, Missouri; W. B. Haldeman, Kentucky.

The arrival of Comptroller Eckels, fresh from Washington, has done considerable to strengthen the local gold standard men. The Whitney interview from New York acted a damper to some extent, but Eckels soon dried it out by his utterances, as the meeting believed that he is close to the administration, despite his declaration that politics had nothing to do with his present trip west.

Buluwayo Again Invested.

LONDON, July 28.—A dispatch from Cape Town reports that intelligence received from Buluwayo is that the Matabele are again massing around that place. The situation seems no better than it was last April, when Buluwayo was practically besieged for weeks.

Insulted the Spanish Premier.

MADRID, July 28.—A man believed to be insane forced his way into the presence of the Premier Senor Canovas del Castillo and insulted and threatened him. He was promptly arrested.

Her Name Is "Mary Elizabeth."

ST. LOUIS, July 28.—Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease says that the ambition of her life is to be known the country over by the name of Mary Elizabeth, not "Mary Ellen," as some papers have it.

Insurgents Shot at Matanzas.

HAVANA, July 28.—Three insurgent prisoners—Luis Muro, Miguel Alvarez and Rodriguez Antonio Carlo—were shot yesterday morning at the castle of San Severino, Matanzas.

New Notes Easy to Counterfeit.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The demand for the new $1 silver certificates more than equals the supply. Experts claim that the new bills are easier to counterfeit than the old issue.

Missouri Republican Convention.

SPRINGFIELD, July 24.—The Missouri Republican convention indorsed the St. Louis platform and ticket and nominated R. E. Lewis, of Henry county, for governor.

Funeral of Bishop Coxe.

GENEVA, N. Y., July 24.—The funeral of the late Bishop Coxe was held at Trinity church Friday afternoon.

DIED IN THE RUSH.

A Large Number of People Drowned by a Cloudburst.

DENVER, July 27.—The cloudburst in the foothills west of Denver Friday night, resulting in floods in which twenty-nine people are known to have perished, was followed Saturday afternoon by another terrible storm, the like of which has seldom been seen in this vicinity. According to Weather Observer Brandenburg seventenths of an inch of water fell in ten minutes, beating all local records. The downpour continued with some diminished severity for half an hour, and it rained at intervals all the afternoon. The storm was accompanied by frequent severe flashes of lightning, but so far as yet known there was no loss of life in this city, and the damage was confined principally to the breaking of window lights and to the growing crops.

At Morrison, seventeen miles from Denver in the foothills, where twenty-two persons were drowned in the flood Friday night, people were terror-stricken when they saw the second storm approaching. Hail began to fall soon after 1 o'clock. The storm continued with steadily increasing force until nearly 4 o'clock, when a black cloud of unusual density began to gather in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, a few miles from Morrison. There the cloud burst, and in an instant a wall of water came down the gulch fully six feet higher than was ever seen before. Everything in its path was washed away. The raging torrent carried along with it houses, barns, trees and debris of all kinds. It is hoped, but not known at this writing, that no lives were lost this time.

Friday's cloudburst is stated to have destroyed twenty-nine lives, but the names of thirty are given. There are at Morrison two children of J. C. Longnecker, Mrs. Moses Miller and three children, Mrs. T. E. Casey and five children, Anna Hansen, a servant; Mrs. Anthony Herres and four children, Thomas McGough, Mrs. Casey's cousin, of Dayton, O.; Mrs. S. A. Proctor and three children. A child of J. C. Longnecker is fatally injured. At Golden the list is as follows: Mrs. F. D. Edwards, Josephine Helme, Denver; Della Horner, Denver; Mary Horner, Denver; A. A. Johnson, Mrs. A. A. Johnson and Mrs. Horace M. Warren, Denver. All the Denver people who perished at Morrison were campers in Bear Creek canon.

Mrs. A. S. Proctor and her children—Mrs. T. E. Casey and children, Mrs. Anthony Herres and children, Annie Hansen (the servant) and Thomas McGough, were living in a large cottage on the banks of Bear creek. A great wave of water struck the house before the occupants realized their danger and carried it bodily away. All the inmates perished except Irene Proctor, aged 18, whose long hair caught in driftwood, holding her until aid came. J. C. Longnecker's house was washed away and dashed to pieces against a rock. Mr. and Mrs. Longnecker and three of their children were thrown high and dry on a hillside.

Last night four more bodies were found among the debris several miles below Golden. They are two men and two young women, none of whom have been identified. There is also a report of eight men employed in a Denver brewery who passed through Golden a few hours before the storm, en route to Idaho Springs for an outing. They have not since been heard from.

The walls of Bear Creek canon at places rise almost perpendicularly 800 feet, and nearly every summer it is the scene of a flood, but in spite of the danger it has been a favorite resort of Denver people. The damage to the Denver and Rio Grande, the Santa Fe and the main line of the Gulf railroad will be quickly repaired, but there are extensive washouts on the Gulf's branch in Clear Creek canon and on the Florence and Cripple Creek road.

Fatal Storm at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, July 28.—A wind and rain storm of unusual fierceness visited this city at 4:30 p. m. yesterday, causing the loss of at least three lives and doing immense damage to property. Several dwellings were completely demolished and others partly wrecked. Eight or ten churches had their roofs blown off and were otherwise damaged. Telegraph, telephone and electric light poles were snapped like pipe stems, mixing the wires in an inextricable mass in the streets, making travel in many sections of the city impossible.

Storm Plays Havoc with Crops.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 28.—Fuller reports of Sunday night and yesterday's storm have been coming in. The loss is inestimable all over northwestern Iowa, northeastern Nebraska and southeastern South Dakota. From Moville, within an area extending one mile south, three east, sixteen west and eight north of town standing grain everywhere suffered from five to ten bushels to the acre and in many cases was totally destroyed. The estimated damage is $200,000.

The Flood at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, July 28.—The river at 10 o'clock last night was nearly thirty-nine feet above low water mark and rising at the rate of two inches hourly. The weather was clear and hot. Seven cases of sunstroke were reported up to 10 o'clock. None is fatal and only one is dangerously serious. Nearly all the victims are laborers and some of the prostrations occurred after sundown.

Beatrice Harraden Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—Beatrice Harraden, the young woman who gained fame by writing "Ships That Pass in the Night," came to San Francisco Thursday from El Cajon pass an invalid. She is in search of change of air, from which she hopes soon to derive strength sufficient to enable her to go to her home in London. Friends of the novelist fear her days are numbered.

THE DEATH RECORD.

CHARLES DICKENS, youngest son of the novelist, at London.

WILLIAM LANGTON, retired contractor, at Peoria, Ills.

LOUIS ADELING, one of the first settlers of Arcola, Ills.

RIANA SMITH, aged 117 years, at Homer, Mich.

THOMAS J. KINNEY, millionaire coal operator, at Homestead, Pa.

WILSON CAMPBELL, wealthy landowner, at Vandalia, Ills.

Colonel JOHN A. DANKS, chaplain-in-chief of the Union Veterans league, at Pittsburg.

WILLIAM H. CUTLER, prominent Mason and traveling man, at Adrian, Mich.

Rev. W. L. HYDE, well known Methodist divine, at Dayton, O.

DEATH OF WM. HENRY SMITH.

Prominent in Chicago as a Newspaper and Associated Press Man.

CHICAGO, July 28.—William Henry Smith, who for many years was general manager of the Associated Press and prominent in the field of newspaper publication, is dead. At 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning he expired at his residence in Lake Forest. Pneumonia, supplemented by weak heart action, brought about his death, which, though not sudden, was unexpected to his family and relatives. In the last few years he had frequently been confined to his home by illness and had been unable to personally attend to his business interests and the control of the newspapers of which he was the owner. Saturday afternoon Mr. Smith's illness assumed a serious stage. At the bedside at the time of his death were Delavan Smith, his only son, and Charles R. Williams, who married Mr. Smith's only daughter, whose death occurred last fall.

William Henry Smith, in his connection of many years' standing with the Associated Press, and before that time with the Western Associated Press was one of the best-known men in the field of journalism in the United States. He was born in 1833, in Columbus county, New York, and had almost reached the age of 63 years. His ancestry was a mixture of English, Scotch and Dutch. In his early youth Mr. Smith's parents removed from their farm in New York state to Ohio, and there he enjoyed the best educational advantages afforded in the west at that time. He began life as a shool teacher, then he went into journalism and at 22 was editor of a weekly at Cincinnati.

During the last few years of his life Mr. Smith was engaged in writing a history of the United States and a history of the administration of President Hayes. Among the newspaper interests of William Henry Smith was the Indianapolis News, of which he was the publisher. Charles R. Williams, his son-in-law, is editor of the News. Mrs. Smith died some years ago, and he had been living in practical retirement at his beautiful home in Lake Forest, where he devoted himself entirely to literary work.

BUILDING AND LOAN MEN

Adopt a Resolution That Is Strongly for the Gold Standard.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24.—The second day's session of the United States League of Local Building and Loan associations was opened with an address by Espy W. H. Williams, of New Orleans, president of the Louisiana State Homestead league. He said that when the credit of the United States as a nation can be grounded upon the same principles that sustain the credit of the Homestead association, there will be no longer any need to fear Wall street and Lombard street; no need to dread the depletion of "gold reserves," or to tremble at the mercenary threat of the foreign bondholders. It was his belief that the day was approaching when this condition would be realized.

The interest in the afternoon session centered in the work of the resolution committee and routine business was rushed through until the committee report was reached. The financial plank was what the delegates were waiting for, and when it was read the wildest cheering prevailed. The resolution is a radical declaration for the gold standard. It was adopted unanimously.

Democrats Dunoupce Chicago.

DAVENPORT, Ia., July 27.—Democrats to the number of 1,000 turned out to hear Hon. Fred W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, and adopted resolutions denouncing the Chicago platform and commending the Cleveland administration.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 27.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 6@7 per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills 486¼@486¾ for demand and 487½@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 485@485½ and 489@489½; commercial bills, 467.

Silver certificates, 69½@69¾; no sales bar silver, 69½c; Mexican dollars, 53½.

United States government bonds irregular; new 4's registered, 113; do. coupons, 114; 5's registered, 110; do. coupons, 111; 4's registered, 108; do. coupons, 107¼; 2's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '97, 104¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 27.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 59¼c, closed 58½c; September, opened 60c, closed 59½c; December, opened 62¾c, closed 61¾c. Corn—July, nominal, closed 26½c; September, opened 25¾c, closed 25¼c; May, opened 28½c, closed 28¼c. Oats—July, nominal, closed 15¼c; September, opened 16½c, closed 15c; May, opened 21½c, closed 20½c. Pork—July, nominal, closed $5.85; September, opened $6.07½, closed $6.00; October, opened $6.00, closed $5.92½. Lard—July, nominal, closed $3.12½; September, opened $3.27½, closed $3.17½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14c per lb.; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 7@7½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 10@10½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, $@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 8½@9c; spring chickens, 9@10c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 9@9½c; geese, $4.00@5.00. Potatoes—Rose, 25@30c per bushel; Early Ohio, 25@30c. Honey—White clover, 13@15c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 6@7c. Blackberries, 60c@$1.00 per 16-qt. case; blueberries, 75@$1.25 per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 27.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 25,000; sales ranged at $2.80@3.55 pigs, $3.20@3.50 light, $2.85@3.50 rough packing, $3.00@3.40 mixed, and $3.00@3.55 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,500; quotations ranged at $4.20@5.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.85@4.20 good to choice do., $3.70@4.00 fair to good, $3.20@3.80 common to medium do., $2.40@3.00 butchers' steers, $2.30@3.05 stockers, $2.60@3.00 feeders, $1.25@3.40 cows, $2.40@3.80 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.40@3.45 Texas steers, and $3.00@3.75 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 27,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.20 western, $3.00@3.05 Texans, $2.60@3.70 natives, and $3.80@5.65 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, July 27.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 58½c; track, 58½@59c; No. 3 hard, 58c asked; July, 58½c nominal; August, 58@59½c bid; September, 59½c asked. Corn—No. 2 cash, 27½c; July, 27½c; August, 27½c asked; September, 28c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 18½c bid; July, 18½c nominal; August, 18½c asked; September, 17½c asked; May, 20½c bid. Rye—50c bid on track.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, July 27.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 58½c; No. 1 northern, 61c; September, 59½c. Corn—No. 3, 27c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20½c; No. 3 do., 20@20½c. Barley—No. 2, 51c; samples, 39@50½c. Rye—No. 1, 51½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, July 27.

Wheat—Cash white, 64½c; cash red, 64½c; July, 64½c; August, 64½c; September, 65½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 22.

Mrs. J. H. Tolfree, who was Grover Cleveland's secretary while he was mayor of Buffalo, committed suicide at Mojave, Cal. It is supposed that she was temporarily insane.

Dr. Salmon, the 107-year-old English physician, has just died at Cambridge. After the battle of Waterloo he crossed to Brussels to care for the wounded.

A woman cobbler does a flourishing business in Lewiston, Me. She is a young French-Canadian named Elize Lamay.

William Little, champion pie eater of McKeesport, Pa., is dead. He had a weakness for pies, and Saturday night laid in a Sunday stock of them, costing $3. He ate them all by evening, and topped off the lot with a large allowance of watermelon.

Rhodes, Hammond, Phillips and Farrar, of Johannesburg fame are, between them, said to be worth $100,000,000.

Warrants for the arrest of all the officers of the Deposit bank, of Newport, Pa., have been issued. The bank closed its doors in March, owing depositors $250,000.

Thursday, July 23.

The tenth annual convention of the American League of Building and Loan associations is in session at Philadelphia. The secretary's report showed that there are over 6,000 building associations in the United States, with assets of about $750,000,000 and yearly receipts of $200,000,000.

John A. Lee is locked up at the Armory at Chicago charged with daylight robberies in the levee district.

Charles Edge, of the firm of Appleton & Edge, of Lexington, Ky., shot and instantly killed his partner's son, Henry Appleton, during a quarrel over the latter's discharge as a clerk.

Jacob Benkopski was given a verdict of $15,000 against the Chicago and Erie railroad by a jury in Judge Ball's court at Chicago for injuries received while switching.

Three runaway boys, giving their names as Matchess, are locked up at Grand Crossing, Ills. They say they took the name Matchess ten years ago and cannot remember their proper ones.

The Woman's club of Muncie, Ind., has begun a crusade against circus bills in which costumes are abbreviated. The club also objects to posting "ads" on fence and telephone poles.

Friday, July 24.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's physicians believe that he has passed the crisis and is now out of danger.

The steamboat Paul Tulane, of New Orleans, struck a log in the Mississippi river and sank rapidly. The passengers and crew narrowly escaped.

At a country wedding near Saginaw, Mich., drunken Germans threw a bomb, completely shattering one side of the house of Farmer Russell. The crime was the result of a feud of long standing.

M. Eugene Spuller, the French politician, journalist and author, is dead, aged 61.

George Lawrence, of Brooklyn, while attempting to kill his wife had the revolver turned toward himself in the struggle and it was discharged. He dropped dead with a bullet in his brain.

It is stated that nine out of ten of the employes of the treasury department at Washington are Bryan men.

Ten dollar bills that have only an actual value of $9 are being passed upon merchants in different parts of Chicago. The "raised" bills are $2 silver certificates.

Saturday, July 25.

Broad-gauge Prohibitionists of Colorado met at Denver and organized. Levi Booth was nominated for governor.

Mrs. J. J. Coogan, of New York, was robbed of $30,000 worth of jewels at Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Mrs. A. Adams, of Colona, Mich., has just received a check for $50,000 from the estate of an uncle who died in Europe. Mrs. Adams is a cripple and very poor.

Emma Seegers, 21 years old, daughter of John Seegers, a wealthy German farmer, was killed by a Northwestern railway train while crossing the tracks at her father's farm near Desplaines, Ills.

Miss Lou Smith, of Decatur, Ills., was struck by lightning and will die.

Masked highwaymen held up the stage coach between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek and robbed the passengers of $500 in cash and twelve watches.

John Baker, who has been prominent in Republican politics in Illinois, is at St. Louis advocating the election of Bryan and Sewall.

Monday, July 27.

For the first time in the history of the party the Republicans of Georgia have put out a ticket of presidential electors composed entirely of white men.

The Cape Colony house of assembly has adopted a report declaring that Cecil Rhodes had guilty knowledge of the Jameson raid.

The American artist, Edwin L. Weeks, has been appointed a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

Lightning struck the house at Bowling Green, Ky., where Vice President Stevenson is stopping. Nobody was hurt.

Frederick Errazuris has been elected president of the republic of Chili.

The furnace men in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys (Ohio) have been notified of a reduction of 20 per cent. in wages to take effect Aug. 15.

Edward B. Winslow, Democratic candidate for governor of Maine, has withdrawn because of the Chicago platform.

New York banks put $976,000 in gold into the sub-treasury Saturday, swelling the gold reserve to $103,851,231 at the close business.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer **More** but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process. **More** wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase. Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

POSTAL EVOLUTION.

STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MAIL SERVICE.

Crude Methods of Early Ages—Biblical References to the Post—Beginning of What Has Become an Almost Perfect and a Cheap System.

It seems almost incredible, in view of the wonderful labyrinth of postal routes all over the world today, that there ever could have been a time when there were no postoffices, no letter carrier, no mail facilities at all.

But, of course, there had to be some means of communication even in the earliest ages, though these were confined for centuries to emperors and kings and other great rulers. The emperors of Egypt, of Persia, of Assyria and of Rome held many lesser kings and satraps as their vassals. With these it was necessary to communicate with certainty and regularity, and therefore couriers were employed to carry dispatches and reports to and from the more distant provinces.

Of course no one man or one horse could traverse the whole route, so stations were established along the roads at certain intervals, where couriers were always in readiness to relieve weary brothers, and carry on the dispatches with uniform speed. These stations were called "posta," from the Latin word positum—fixed or placed—whence comes the name of our modern postal system.

In the Old Testament are frequent references to the posts. In II Chronicles you will find, "So the posts went with the letters," and "So the posts passed from city to city." In Esther also and in Job and Jeremiah you will find other allusions to the posts. But they were never for the use of the common people.

The Roman Emperor Augustus was the first to establish a system of posts suggestive of the present system. You have heard the saying, "All roads lead to Rome." This was the origin of it: From Rome as a center post roads were built, called "royal highways," extending all over Europe. After the decline of the Roman empire these post roads were abandoned by degrees, and during the dark ages they almost entirely disappeared.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, however, their need began to be so strongly felt that posts between different parts of the same country were established, and soon these were extended into other countries. These posts were carried first by foot runners and then a little later by men on horseback.

It was not long, though, before the post privilege was extended, and it was found impossible for horseback riders to carry the increasing mail, so wheeled conveyances were provided, and the next step was for these conveyances to carry passengers as well as the mail.

And thus from the post was evolved the mail coach. What this meant to our hitherto shut in ancestors it is hard for us of the present day to realise even faintly. But it is safe to say that the evolution of the public post and the mail coach did more than any other one thing to hasten civilization.

In the reign of the Emperor Frederick III, Francis von Laxis, whose grandfather is said to have established a postal service across the Tyrol and Styria, entered the service of the house of Hapsburg and became the founder of the modern postal system. Through Von Laxis the emperor established regular posts throughout his kingdom between the years 1440 and 1493, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century the Austrian post became the international post of the Hapsburg dynasty.

In France the University of Paris organized a postal service in the thirteenth century which flourished until 1719. In some parts of Europe there were brotherhoods and mercantile guilds which established posts and postoffices subject to the government.

In England, in 1653, Rowland Hill started a private post, but Cromwell's heavy hand came down on the enterprise, and the men who carried the letters were trampled down and killed by his soldiers. Later on Mr. Hill came to the front again, instituted many reforms in the service, and at last gave to England a real and effective postal service. Louis XI of France founded a postal system in 1464, which was greatly improved by Charles IX in 1565.

But it was not alone the Christian nations that felt the need of a postal service. When the Spaniards invaded South America, they found a regular system of posts in operation, so that the news of their landing was carried to the inca with incredible swiftness, the postmen being runners, who carried around their waists knotted cords, a code of signals or sign writing.

Coming down to our own country, suppose we take a peep at the mail methods in vogue in its earlier days. Let us take as a type the postal service between Boston and New York, where, in 1762, a post was established "to goe monthly." Post riders, starting at the same hour from each end of the route, carried the mails. Leaving on Monday morning, they met and exchanged bags at Saybrook, Conn., on the following Saturday. Then each man returned to his starting point, which, of course, took nearly another week.

It was Benjamin Franklin that, in 1775, suggested the plan for a postal service on which our present system is founded. In the early days of this system rates were charged that seem outrageous to us of the present day—between Boston and New York, 18¾ cents, and 25 cents for points beyond. Of course this led to swindling the government and the smuggling of letters. Private parties carried mail secretly at lower rates, and in 1839 Harnden's express entered the field, carrying letters concealed in bundles and other packages at less than legal rates.

But as soon as the government lowered its charges all these smugglers dropped out of the race. There was no money in it then.—Philadelphia Times.

RUFE EISELE'S BILLIARD BALLS.

They Were Not Ivory or Celluloid and Were Never Turned.

"How does it come that you have red, white and blue billiard balls?" asked the whip salesman of Rufe Eisele, who keeps the Brant House at Sloop Creek.

"'Tis kinder extraordinary, ain't it?" said Rufe. "But somehow or another extraordinary things happen down here. You wouldn't believe it if I told you that I had them balls afore I had the table. I bought the table for $40 from Bart Greenleaf, and he won it at a raffle up to Asbury. That table's wuth plum $250, and the balls is just a gift of nature—come by a special act of Providence, you might say. You never see balls just like them before. They ain't ivory, and they ain't celluloid. If they was celluloid, they wouldn't be here now. They ain't this patent putty composition that they make cheap pool balls of either. Just what they are I ain't prepared to say, and I 'spect that the nature of the material these were made from is changed from what it was at first.

"I'll tell you how I come by 'em, and you'll learn what extraordinary things can happen down hereaways. A year ago the 13th of June there was a party of Brooklyn fellows down here, and they set out for a good time. They fetched cards and chips with them and 'lowed to play poker until 4 o'clock in the morning and then go fishing. I sot up with them and took a hand in the game. We were setting at that round table, and it was pushed over in the corner between them windows. 'Long about 12 o'clock I was mixing drinks for the crowd, when I heard thunder and mutterin and see flashes of lightning. I told them fellows they'd better move away from the windows, but they laughed at me.

"One fellow had been winning right straight along. He had a big pile of chips in front of him, and they was in his way. So he began stacking them up according to color and laid 25 of each kind in stacks side by side on the window sill. Meanwhile the storm broke and the lightning played hob around the house. The party got kinder scared and jumped up promptly when I proposed to all to go to the bar and have a drink. I was just setting out the glasses when there was a swish of lightning that turned the whole air blue. I didn't hear any thunder, but I see big balls of fire dancing round the room, and one of them hit me right on the breast and knocked me down behind the bar. Every man in the room was hit plumb in the gizzard with a ball of fire and knocked flat. I don't know how long it was before we all come to and took our drinks, but I do know that the storm had passed. I looked round and was surprised to find that nothing had been hurt. After the fellows all took their drinks they wanted to play poker again and started for the table. There the fellow that had won most of the chips put up a holler about them. He said somebody had got 'em.

"I didn't b'lieve that possible, and I told him that the lightning had probably knocked them offen the window sill. Then he looked on the floor under the table and said, 'I don't see no chips, but here's a billiard ball,' and he picked up a red ball. Now I never had a billiard ball in my house before, and I thought that he was playing a trick on me until one of the other fellows moved his feet and rolled a white ball out on the floor. I picked it up and found it was hot. A minute later Ike Hicks gave a whoop and held up a blue billiard ball, saying it was the first he ever seen in his life. Then it come to us all at once that the lightning had struck them poker chips and melted 'em into solid balls. P'raps they ain't quite as regular as some, but they answer all our purposes."—New York Sun.

ART AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

Clever Carvers In Ivory and Some Who Can Sketch.

We did much entertaining, as we were continually visited by different members of the tribe of 200 or more. They were content to sit and share the warmth and shelter of our house and gaze on the curious things it contained. They would turn the pages of a magazine by the hour, and, holding the book upside down, ask questions about pictures. What particularly pleased them was anything in the shape of gun, knife or ammunition. Of eating they never tired. The amount of food they consumed was astonishing, and they particularly reveled in our coffee, biscuit and pemmican. This love was manifested by a little ditty that they sang quite often:

Uh-bis-e-ken,
Uh-pem-e-kem.

The women are very clever with the needle, and as most of us had adopted the Innuit boot of sealskin which required frequent mending, they were always in demand. In mechanical ingenuity they are remarkable. Both men and women are carvers in ivory, and the tiny figures—human as well as animal—that they fashion in this material, although somewhat crude, show no mean ability. This skill is also to be remarked in regard to the use of the pencil. One of them, As-sey-e-yeh, drew from memory a steamer in perspective, with the reflections in the water, and that, too, in a suggestive and artistic way.—Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

In the Cornmeal Age.

Mrs. Claude Wright—How do you like those biscuits, dear?

Mr. Claude Wright—A trifle heavy, love. But, then, you are somewhat out of practice.

Mrs. Claude Wright—If you'll believe me, pet, I haven't made a mess of biscuits before since my first reincarnation, 5,000 years ago.—Buffalo Times.

The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things and of the genius of the age we live in.—Rochefoucauld.

The Princess of Wales has an annual allowance of £10,000 for pin money.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.

Today, if I were dead and could not feel
Your kisses or your tears upon my face,
If all the world could give of woe or weal,
Could find within my heart no resting place,
You would not think of any bitter past,
You would not chide me for a careless word,
You could not be so cruel at the last
As to condemn me, unconfessed, unheard.

If I were lying wrapt about in white,
With flowers all around me, on my breast
And in my hands, and on my face the light
That angels shed upon their dead at rest—
If I were lying thus, and one should say
Such bitter things as you have said to me,
With sternest anger you would drive away
That one and swear 'twere all base calumny.

I'll not rebuke you, though my heart be full.
I dare not chide. I, too, may be astray.
Experience yet may teach—a bitter school—
Me what to do and what, perchance, to say.
And yet I ask you, humbly, tenderly,
If I should answer nevermore your call,
Would you not grieve of all most bitterly
For words and deeds that are beyond recall?
—Pearson's Weekly.

THE CLIFF RUINS OF COLORADO.

A Region of Especial Interest to Students of the Prehistoric.

The cliff ruins of the San Juan and the Mancos have been the center of attraction, have been viewed from all sides, and their wonders have been told and retold to the world time and time again. Scientific men have visited the region, have penetrated southwestern Colorado and have considered that section a place of especial interest, because the cliff and cave dwellings are probably the oldest in this strange land, being the first built in that mysterious journey southward of a great but unknown people. For 20 years the prospector has followed the San Juan river and gazed with careless unconcern on the rough and broken walls, so full of interest to the archæologist.

But the mind of the prospector has no room for curios, and he has no time for archæological investigation. He sees only the glitter of the gold in the sand, and thinks only of the time when he shall have made his stake. In November of 1892 hundreds of gold hunters rushed madly into the canyon north of the Navajo mountain, traveled 300 miles over bleak, desert tablelands, suffering terribly from the cold, hunger and the long, wearisome journey. In a few days they had staked off all the available land for 50 miles up and down the river and then returned home without having obtained so much as a color of gold, and today have nothing to show for it but the stakes.

It is one of the most wildly picturesque and beautiful regions in the world. The bleak old Navajo mountain rises abruptly and towers like a grim sentinel over the surrounding mesas, while in a canyon gorge more than 3,000 feet below its base the Rio San Juan appears like a silver thread. The canyon is several miles wide, and a descent can be made to the river only by a precipitous trail, but as the river approaches the great Colorado the canyon becomes more narrow and the wall more perpendicular, and when it merges into the Grand canyon it is scarcely more than a deep, dark channel.

A few miles from the Colorado river, where the canyon is not more than 800 or 1,000 feet from wall to wall, and where the walls are perpendicular and smooth, on the right wall are the pictures of seven warriors with bows drawn to the last notch, while across the river on the opposite side are the pictures of seven antelope, apparently in full run to escape the hunters. These pictures are well executed and are in the most inaccessible places. Evidently the artist had to be lowered from a ledge hundreds of feet above the picture and held suspended while he performed his tedious task. There are many places in the mystic southwest where such paintings are to be found.—Denver Field and Farm.

A Preparation For Padding.

Very many persons would like to know how to pad sheets of paper so as to make tablets, but do not understand the proper composition for putting on the edges. The following recipe is vouched for by competent authority: Glue, 4 pounds; glycerin, 2 pounds; linseed oil, one-half pound; sugar, one-quarter pound; aniline dyes in sufficient quantity to color. The glue is softened by soaking it in a little cold water, then dissolved, together with the sugar, in the glycerin by aid of heat over a water bath. To this the dyes are added, after which the oil is well stirred. It is used hot. Another composition of a somewhat similar nature is prepared as follows: Glue, a pound; glycerin, 4 ounces; glucose sirup, about 2 tablespoonfuls; tannin, one-tenth ounce. Give the compositions an hour or more in which to dry or set before cutting or handling the pads.—New York Ledger.

A Trick of the Profession.

As two eminent physicians were strolling arm in arm along the boulevard one of them bowed to a lady who crossed their path.

"A patient, eh?"

"Oh, not a serious case. I attended her lately for a pimple—a mere speck on her nose."

"What did you prescribe?"

"Prescribe? Nothing at all, though I absolutely forbade her to play the piano."

"The piano? For a pimple on the nose? I don't see that."

"Ah! I ought to tell you, perhaps, that my rooms are just below hers."—La Libre Parole.

Easy.

"Is it hard to learn to write shorthand?"

"No. Anybody can learn it. And after you have got so you can write it, why, all you have to do is to go to work and learn to read what you have written."—Chicago Tribune.

There are said to be over a thousand women in New York who, in one way or another, make their living by their pens.

Leeuwenhoek and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

BRITISH ELOQUENCE.

A Capital Specimen of the Speeches Made In Local Elections.

The following manifesto, copied verbatim from the original poster, is a capital specimen of election eloquence as applied to parochial contests: "Fellow workingmen, gentlemen and ladies, I honorably put myself forward under your very kind notice for a seat on the Swanscombe parish council. Let me tell you as a man that I was the first to give cheap meat on Galley Hill and Swanscombe and all round. I never did and never will hurt a workingman. When times is good, I want to get paid for my very superior food that I always supply, and when times is hard then you can take it at any price you like to feed your wives and children and your families from George Clinch, 'The Peoples only Butcher' in this parish. I shall work hand in hand with the Rev. George Hale to bury the dead at the lowest price and put the poor body deep in mother earth, where they ought to be, and I promise that I shall sell my meat at the same price. I shall also help Mr. Dunbar (for he is an old Toff) to reduce the salaries of clergymen, as it do cost too much for prayers, and we can go up to glory at a less price. I also promise to do more than the last council, for they done nothing, and as Mickey Finn is not standing, but sitting down low, we can do good business and have no Donnybrook fair at our meetings—in fact, gentlemen and ladies, I shall do every mortal thing for the good of your body, and the parson will take care of your departed souls. I shall reduce the rates and get rent for the workingmen cheaper. I shall light up your roads so that you can see them upon a dark moonlight night. The last word I say unto you is, do your duty to yourselves and never mind about me, but put me on the council for your own sake and the interest of the men who get bread by the sweat of their brow."—Household Words.

HYPNOTIZED THE BEARS.

A Story Which Newsome Believes Because Anderson Is Cross Eyed.

J. E. Newsome is a Port Arthur Canadian and Alex Anderson comes from Pearl River. An Englishman named Atwell wanted to get a bear, and Anderson tried to gratify his desire. Newsome told Forest and Stream about it. Atwell was the kind of man who would like to kill a bear in a trap, so Anderson took two bear traps and a lot of bait up a gully near Onimet, looking for a sign. The Englishman went looking for bears and left Anderson to set the traps.

All of a sudden a big she bear appeared before Anderson at the foot of a tree between a couple of whose roots one trap was to have been set. Not having any gun, Anderson, so Newsome says, determined that hypnotic force had to be used, and that suddenly. Anderson looked the bear in the eyes, and the bear paused; then Anderson made three passes with his hands. The bear lowered its head forward and its eyes bulged out. Having satisfied himself that the bear was properly influenced, Anderson yelled for Atwell, but Atwell was a good way off, and before he could arrive the she bear's 2-year-old and yearling cub came out of the tree at the same time. A yearling cub alone would be a pretty bad fighter at close quarters, especially with a hypnotized mother bear near by liable to come to at any moment, but a 2-year-old cub and a yearling both at once made a mighty serious matter.

But Anderson was fully equal to the emergency. He managed to look at the bears' four eyes at once and soon had them subjugated. Newsome says that he would not have believed Anderson's tale only Anderson is now cross eyed, which he wasn't before, owing to his looking both bears in the eyes at once.

Bismarck's Fateful Pipe.

Prince Bismarck is a great pipe collector, and the gem of his collection has a curious history. Many years ago, as Bismarck was strolling in the suburbs of Friedrichsruh with his two hounds, he was accosted by a Bohemian peddler and asked to buy a plain meerschaum pipe of the type that Bismarck most affected. At first Bismarck declined, but the peddler claimed for the pipe a power of forecast and told him he would serve three emperors as minister, and that three important changes in his life would be foretold by accidents befalling the pipe.

Laughing, Bismarck bought the pipe. He has since served three emperors. Two days before the historic moment when he was refused an audience the stem of his pipe separated and went to pieces. Later he chipped a piece from the side of the bowl, and within a month he was practically dismissed by the present emperor. The third sign has yet to come.—Berlin Correspondent.

Dentists' Forceps.

There are about 200 different styles of forceps made for dentists' use, varying in the sizes and forms of the beaks and in the shapes of the handles. A dozen pairs of forceps would probably fill all the requirements of a single dentist, but another dentist, though he might use on the same tooth forceps with the same size and style of beaks, might prefer a pair with a different grip to the handles, and forceps are made not only to suit every need in practice, but every personal requirement of the practitioner.—New York Sun.

Systems of Law In Germany.

No fewer than five systems of law are in use in Germany. In moving from one place to another tourists are often greatly puzzled when they find that an act perfectly allowable in one state is a crime in another. A still greater confusion often results when the right of property is considered.

The Period.

"Why do you call her a girl of the period?"

"Well, she comes right to the point for one thing."—Detroit Tribune.

DREAM MYSTERIES.

MAY BE SHADOWY MEMORIES OF PREVIOUS EXISTENCE.

Little Satisfaction Found In the Many Explanations Given For the Formation of the Phantasmagoria Which Come to Us as We Sleep.

In a thoughtful, well written article on "Dreams and Their Mysteries," in The North American Review, Elizabeth Bisland reminds us that we are so familiar with the phenomena of sleep that the strangest dreams come as no surprise. She says, truly:

"Prove that you have the hypnotic power to make a man feel pain or pleasure without material cause; that you can force him to believe himself a soldier, say, or a woman, or that he is three feet high, or two persons at once, and he will gape upon this occult mastery with awe and wild surprise—he who every 24 hours of his life, with no more magic potion than healthy fatigue, with no greater wonder working weapon than a pillow, may create for himself phantasmical delusions beside which all mesmeric suggestions are but the flattest of dull commonplace."

Because people are afraid of being thought superstitious with regard to dreams there has been an unscientific avoidance of the whole topic, which is no less superstitious and puerile, the consequence of which foolish revulsion has been that one of the most curious functions of the brain is still in a period of universal investigation—left unexamined and unexplained. Some dabbling there has been in the matter, but so far no tenable explanation has been offered of those strange illusions of sleep with which all mankind is familiar. The results up to this time of this dabbling are for the most part of little more value than the contents of the greasy, well thumbed dreambooks that formed the only and dearly beloved library of eighteenth century milkmaids and apprentices. The greater portion of such labor as has been bestowed on the subject has been mainly directed toward efforts to prove the extreme rapidity with which the dream passes through the mind, and that it is some trivial outward cause at the moment of rousing from slumber, such as a noise, a light or the like, which wakes the brain to this miraculous celerity of imaginative creation.

The general conviction that dreams occur only at the instant of the awakening shows how little real attention has been bestowed upon the matter, since the most casual observation of "the dog that hunts in dreams" would show that he may be chasing the wild deer and following the roe in the gray kingdom of seeming without breaking his slumbers. He will start and twitch and give tongue after the phantom quarry he dreams himself pursuing. But given the truth of any one of these assertions, still the heart of the mystery has not yet been plucked out, since it is not explained why a noise or a gleam of light—such as the senses are quite familiar with in waking consciousness—should at the moment of rousing cause the brain to create with inconceivable rapidity a series of phantasmagoria in order to explain to itself the familiar phenomena of light or sound.

It is broadly asserted by many that the memory retains each and every experience which life has presented for its contemplation, but this is hardly true. It makes to a certain extent a choice and chooses oftentimes with apparent caprice. To demonstrate the truth of this, let one endeavor to recall the first impression retained by his childish mind, and it usually proves to be something extremely trivial.

A lady, interrogated as to this, declared her first clear memory was a sense of the comfort to her tired little 2-year-old body of the clean linen sheets of the bed at the end of the most perilous and adventurous journey, and of whose startling incidents her memory had preserved nothing. Again this capricious faculty will seize on some few high lights in a vivid picture and reject all the unimportant details. As a rule, however, it is the profound stirrings of the emotions which wake the memory to activity. A woman never forgets her first lover. A man to the end of his life can recall his first triumph.

Miss Bisland believes that we inherit many of the memories that come to us, waking as well as sleeping. Every one has felt many times in his life a sense of familiarity with incidents that have had no place in his own experience and has found it impossible to offer any explanation for the feeling. Coming suddenly around a turn of a hill upon a fair and unknown landscape, his heart may bound with a keen sense of recognition of its unfamiliar outlines. In the midst of a tingling sense of emotion a sensation of the whole incident being a mere dull repetition will rob it of its joy or pain. A sentence begun by a friend is recognized as trite and old before it is half done, though it refers to matters new to the hearer. A sound, a perfume, a sensation, will awaken feelings having no connection with the occasion.

In sleep the brain is peculiarly active in certain directions, not being distracted by the multitude of impressions constantly conveyed to it by the live senses, and experiments with hypnotic sleepers prove that some of its functions become in sleep abnormally acute and vigorous. Why not the function of memory? The possessions which during the waking hours were useless, and therefore rejected by the will, surge up again, vivid and potent, and troop before the perception unsummoned, motley and fantastic, serving no purpose more apparent than do the idle, disconnected recollections of one's waking moments of dreaminess, and yet it may hap, withal, that the tireless brain, forever turning over and over its heirlooms in the night, is seeking here an inspiration or there a memory to be used in that fierce and complex struggle called life.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

BENIGN TORNADOES.

One Delivered a House to a Mortgagee and Another Made a Dog Salable.

"And, talking about cyclones," said the man from Kansas, "them air twisters is mighty queer things."

The smart young man who sat beside the Kansan threw away his cigarette, and even the gripman looked interested.

"You have seen a tornado, then?" said the smart young man with animation.

"Seen 'em?" said the farmer scornfully. "Why, young feller, I comes from Kansas."

"Oh!" said the smart young man. A little later he ventured to remark, "Had lots of experience with cyclones, I suppose."

"Experience? Naw, you don't get no experience dealing with cyclones," said the man from Kansas, "'cause them twisters never do the same thing twice. You just learn to dig out for the cellar when you see 'em comin."

"They do all sorts of queer things, I suppose?" said the gripman, as he started the train with a sudden bound that jostled the smart young man's hat over his eyes.

"One of 'em done me a good turn once," said the man from Kansas meditatively. "Boot and Mit Glover own the next farm to mine out in Pawnee county, and their crops kept a-failing, and they kept a-borrowing money off of me till they had their house mortgaged clean up to the roof. It looked like my money was a goner, for they kept on losing their corn crop every, year and I couldn't get the house 'cause they had a shotgun waiting for me in the kitchen. Well, one day 'long comes one of these roaring cyclones, and blessed if it didn't blow that whole house over into my pasture—yes, sir, and dropped the roof down on the foundations just as neat as you could have laid it. Looked as if the house had just sunk out of sight. But then I didn't have a mortgage on the roof, so I didn't care about that."

"Reminds me of a story of a brother of mine out in Ioway," said the man on the step. "Had a fine setter dog—best hunter in the state. My brother couldn't shoot, so he wanted to sell him. But he couldn't, 'cause the dog had a twist in his tail like a pig. Cyclone caught that dog out in the buckwheat patch one day and just nacherally ironed out that tail like a broomstick. He sold the dog for $80 the next week."—Chicago Tribune.

FRIENDSHIP AND THE NURSE.

Why Two Neighbors Are Not on Very Good Terms With Each Other.

"Hattie and you do not seem to be friends any more," said the short, thin woman as she paid the fare.

"Well, no, we are not," replied the tall, stout woman, slipping her dime back in her pocketbook. "You know the nurse she thought so much of came to live with me last winter."

"Why, how did that happen?" asked the short, thin woman.

"M—well, I suppose it was because she heard me say that I paid my nurse 50 cents more a week than Hattie did and that I wanted one at the time. Of course I didn't say that to her, you know, but she heard me. Maybe I mentioned, too, that I give my nurse three evenings out a week. Girls will be girls, you know, and my husband can look after the children on those evenings as well as she can."

"M'hm. It keeps a man from finding fault with his wife's management, too, if he's kept busy while he's at home."

"Yes, and I've noticed that by the time they are in bed he's too tired to think of going out. Well, as I was saying, that girl came to me the very next week. Oh, and the stories she told me about Hattie, even to the things she had said about me, you'd scarcely believe. The girl couldn't seem to remember any of them at first, but after I'd jogged her memory she told me lots. Hattie wanted to quarrel with me, I could see that, but she didn't quite dare. She knew how much that girl knew. Besides, I was as sweet as honey to her every time we met."

"Then how comes it that you are not friends now?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? The girl went back to her after a while."

"Oh," said the short, thin woman.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The "Autocrat" Hears a Preacher.

I heard this notorious preacher (Irving) the other Sunday. He is a black, savage, saturnine, long haired Scotchman, with a most Tyburn looking squint to him. He said nothing remarkable that I remember, and I should suppose owes much of his reputation to a voice of great force and compass, which he managed nearly as well as Macready. The charlatan he most resembles is Mr. ——, whose yell is, however, instinct with a profounder expression of vulgarity and insolence. Mr. Irving and his flock have given up the unknown tongue and confine themselves to rolling up their eyes so as to show the whites in a formidable manner. I would ask for no better picture than has been presented by these poor enthusiasts, drunk with their celestial influences and babbling paltry inanities.—"Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

The Fatal Horse and Wagon.

If the statistics of accidents could be collected, it would in all probability be shown that the most dangerous way of traveling is with a horse and wagon. We believe there is authority for stating that in proportion to the numbers of people traveling in various conveyances horses and wagons kill more people than steamboats or railroads or trolley cars or bicycles.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

An evidence of the striking uniformity of size among the Japanese is found in the fact that recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment show no variation exceeding two inches in height or 20 pounds in weight.

All patents are assignable by law, and an interest in a patent may be assigned as easily as the whole.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 1, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Bohemian Girl."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE PLUNDER OF IRELAND.

The New York Sun, which through every vicissitude, has been Ireland's steadfast friend, is paying editorial attention to the plunderous system of English rule in the subject country. Americans in general supposed for generations that Ireland's grievances were simply sentimental. A nation has a right to be sentimental on the question of sovereignty and liberty, but when robbery, open and above board, is superadded to slavery, the grievance become intolerable. The Sun says the Irish are "notoriously poor," and so they are, but it is England that has made them so. The $1,500,000,000 she has stolen from Ireland since 1801 is only a drop in the bucket. She has by her cannon and bayonets, her judges, juries and hangmen, robbed Ireland of fifty times as much during the same period by her infamous land system. It would be impossible to estimate the total amount Ireland has been fleeced out of through her forced connection with England. In the words of John Mitchel, she has been nailed to a cross and crucified between the two thieves of English faction. It is safe to say that never in the history of the world has a nation been so brutally plundered, before the eyes of all Christendom, as Ireland has been. And yet some Americans, reputed heirs to enlightenment and liberty, have called England "the mother of civilization!" It is fortunate for humanity that there are a few Americans, like Mr. Dana, left to give Ireland's version of her material, as well as sentimental, wrongs. Says the Sun of the 20th ult.:

"It will be remembered that by Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule bill, which passed the house of commons, Ireland's share of the amount required for imperial expenditure was assessed at a certain sum, which was to be a first charge upon the Irish revenues. The assessment was declared by the British Liberals to be a reasonable one, because it was based upon the contribution which Ireland had for some years made, and is now making, to the imperial exchequer. Mr. Thomas Sexton, however, who among the Irish Nationalists is best qualified to deal with financial problems, contended that Ireland was paying much more than her fair share, and he challenged the government to make his charge the subject of an official inquiry. Of the investigation which was ordered, and which has been proceeding for three years, the outcome is now made known. It shows that Ireland is plundered by Great Britain to the extent of nearly $14,000,000 a year, and that a restitution of the surplus long unjustly wrung from her would place a vast sum at her disposal.

"The Royal commission appointed by Mr. Gladstone for the purpose of examining the fiscal treatment of Ireland comprised a number of eminent officials and ex-officials of financial experience, together with Mr. Sexton, Mr. Edward Blake and Mr. John E. Redmond, representatives of the Nationalist party. Practically the burden of sustaining the case for Ireland fell upon Mr. Sexton, while the defense of the course pursued by the British treasury was undertaken by Lord Welby and Lord Farrar, both of whom entered on the inquiry thoroughly convinced of the rightfulness of the existing arrangements. These very men have been converted, however, to the opposite view, and they have signed the report of the commission which has recently been issued, and which sets forth overwhelming proofs of the injustice which Ireland suffered for many years. The report declares that instead of bearing, as she now bears, and as Mr. Gladstone thought she should continue to bear under a home rule regime, one-eleventh part of the imperial taxation, she ought, as a matter of fact, to bear only a twentieth part. That is to say, instead of contributing, as she does yearly, to the British treasury $37,500,000, she ought in equity to contribute only $24,000,000. These figures tell a shocking tale of wrong, which even British Unionists will be unable to hear unmoved. They mean that from the Irish, who are notoriously poor, have been exacted annually $13,500,000 in excess of their legitimate proportion of imperial taxation.

"The service which Mr. Thomas Sexton has thus rendered to his countrymen will have immediate and substantial results. A restitution, indeed, of the huge sums extorted from poverty-stricken land may be demanded in vain, but in view of the report of the Royal commission, the chancellor of the exchequer in his next budget cannot avoid making a signal reduction of the taxes levied upon Ireland."

HENRY CLAY ON IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

The pure Americanism of that great departed statesman, Henry Clay, will hardly be doubted even by the fiercest member of the A. P. A. "Harry of the West"—the grand Kentuckian—was surely an "American," if ever there was one with a white skin. No man interwove himself so thoroughly with American sentiment in his day as that eloquent Kentucky tribune. He was the able, fascinating Blaine of another generation. Clay knew every pulse of America, and his knowledge of her people, both native and naturalized, was something phenomenal. In the earlier Knownothing period, Clay, whose broad, noble nature revolted against every species of narrowness and intolerance, uttered the following remarkable words in reference to the question of foreign immigration:

"There are some foreigners who always remain exotics (he was referring to the English) and never become naturalized in our country; whilst, happily, there are many others who readily attach themselves to our principles and our institutions. The honest, patient and industrious German readily unites with our people, establishes himself upon some of our fat land, fills his capacious barn, and enjoys in tranquility the abundant fruits which his diligence gathers around him, always ready to fly to the standard of his adopted country, or of its laws, when called by duties of patriotism. The gay, the versatile, the philosophic Frenchman, accommodating himself cheerfully to all the vicissitudes of life, incorporates himself without difficulty in our society. But of all foreigners, none amalgamate themselves so quickly with our people as the natives of the Emerald Isle. In some of the visions which have passed through my imagination, I have supposed that Ireland was originally part and parcel of this continent, and that, by some extraordinary convulsion of nature, it was torn from America, and, drifting across the ocean, was placed in the unfortunate vicinity of Great Britain. The same open-heartedness; the same generous hospitality; the same careless and uncalculating indifference about human life, characterize the inhabitants of both countries. Kentucky has been sometimes called the Ireland of America, and I have no doubt that, if the current of emigration were reversed and set from America upon the shores of Europe, instead of bearing from Europe to America, every American emigrant to Ireland would there find, as every Irish emigrant here finds, a hearty welcome and a happy home."

AN IRISH PAPER DENOUNCES BRITISH DEMOCRACY AND FREE TRADE.

The Tuam (Ireland) Herald seems to be out of humor with that apocryphal person, called the British Democrat. We suppose the editor of the Herald excepts Joe Cowan and our friend Reynolds. We do not wish to visit the minority with censure for the faults of the majority, because we honestly desire to consider a saving percentage of Englishmen true to some nobler principle than bread and butter or bacon and cabbage. But the Tuam Herald has, no doubt, reason good and sufficient for the faith that is in it. In an article of recent date, headed "The Folly of Free Trade," after dwelling on the woes of the British and Irish agriculturalists because of the fallacy of that policy, the Herald pays its respects to the B. D. thus:

"The British Democrat is a peculiar product. His ideas are centred in himself and on himself and his trade. He has nothing in common with the intelligent Democrat of America or the continent, and his narrow ideas never go beyond the lowest self interest and the most sordid notions of utility. He has no real abiding sympathy with Ireland or any other injured nationality, and the rude awakening fact that his very superior country is robbing this relatively poorer one annually, and has since the so-called Union deprived us wrongfully of no less than two hundred and ninety millions will have no effect upon his conscience or action. And this is the ally with whose co-operation we are to win our lost rights! This is the person who at present is rejoicing over the success of Free Trade, and asking us sufferers by it to imitate his example. Fortunately Free Trade is a worn out and exploded theory, believed in by no honest economist, and practiced by no country except England which only adopts it because she thinks it means commercial supremacy. To succeed it should be universal, and so far as it falls short of universality it is a failure. England's expansion in recent years is not due to Free Trade as some believe, but to the developing of her shipping and to colonial growth, and did she protect herself as America is doing and will continue to do she would be immensely more wealthy, more prosperous and stable than she is today, when the products of her cornfields cannot feed her own people for more than a month.

"The great Presidential fight will be fought out in America next November on the platform of more rigid protection of native industries not of less. All Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia are Protectionist. France is pursuing the same wise policy, and her example and success are most instructive. She contains with Corsica one hundred and thirty million acres, while Great Britain and Ireland are altogether only seventy-seven million acres. The populations of the two countries are roughly the same, that is thirty-eight millions. France two years ago raised by protection eight bushels of wheat for each head of its population, and can now feed all her people, while England has fallen to one, and is now being reduced to a half per head, and can only raise food for about thirty days out of the year. The difference means a loss to the country, and although this beneficial result was gained in France, it was acquired by no perceptible rise in the price of the loaf. Thus millions were kept in the country by means of that wise policy, and there are no vacant farms in France, nor a ruined agriculture as there is in England, but prosperity, comfort and content in the fields. America, that according to modern economists, ought to be the ideal Free Trade country, is strictly Protectionist, and will never be otherwise. It does not believe in the folly of paying for food or manufactured articles it could produce at home as cheaply, and it can not understand the fallacy of the cheap loaf to an idle and a starving man. England itself is fast abandoning the darling policy, for it sees its utter hollowness and emptiness."

Our Irish contemporary would receive a very cold shoulder from the Democratic Free Trade leaders in America if it were published on this side of the Atlantic. High tariff has been tried and found meritorious,—we had an overflowing treasury and a prosperous country under it. Low tariff has been tried since 1893, and we have failing banks, bankrupt business houses, dissatisfied farmers and general depression under it. Millions of voters who aided in placing the low tariff administration in power, are now about to try another economic, or rather financial, experiment, afraid or ashamed to acknowledge that their former action reduced this great country to its present plight. But let us see what else the Tuam Herald has to say on the policy of Protection as pitted against Free Trade:

"Protection, said the English, is a system of waste, and they applied the principle to Ireland and they are fast ruining her. Ireland now with five millions of inhabitants, with unequalled natural advantages, the finest dairy country in the world, once supported eight millions, and then exported grain and manufactured goods. Look at what Free Trade has done her! Her land now not one-third cultivated; with neither domestic industries nor foreign trade; millions of cultivatable acres waste; her commerce ruined and so her manufactures; her houses uninhabited; with three million people less instead of five more; her villages deserted; her towns growing less; her poorhouses as full as ever with the cost of relief greater; with more police and less crime; men and women looking for work and finding none; her people flying her shores as like from a plague stricken land. This is what Free Trade and British rule have brought us to, and this is the road to ruin we are forced to march upon.

"For all this we should join our friend the enemy, the British Democratic workman and rejoice with him that Free Trade has worked all this ruin and is doing more. As the dying Romans greeted the emperor when entering the arena with the cry, 'morituri te salutamis" (we about to die salute thee), so should the Irish farmers salute today the evil genius of British Free Trade. We are asked to unite in the chorus that greets the advent of such a ruinous and abominable system, but there are a few of us who can afford to think for ourselves, who refuse to bow before that false God, and who are and will be inclined to follow and adopt instead the wise and prudent policy of all other countries in the world, and strive by rearing and encouraging native products of every sort to keep money and people at home. We are convinced that nothing will save Ireland as it has saved every other land but Protection, and we may add that it is England's salvation itself. We protest therefore against any Irish representative (in parliament) opposing any measure of protection now being proposed, and we look upon any such who votes against the several small but statutory measures of Protection now being brought into the house of commons, for the aid of the decaying agriculture of Ireland, as false to his trust, and as acting directly contrary to the interests of his constituents."

The above will make interesting reading for such dyed-in-the-wool Free Traders as Secretary Carlisle, the Hon. William R. Morrison, of Illinois; the Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; the Hon. William R. Wilson, Postmaster General; the Hon. William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; the Hon. Donna Maria Dickinson, of Michigan, and the Hon., and portly, Grover Cleveland, of Washington, D. C.

COL. PREUSS IS GOING AWAY.

The following notice appears in Col. Arthur Preuss' Review of July 23:

"Our plan to remove to St. Louis has at last matured. This week the Review appears for the last time in Chicago. Next week, on account of the delay and inconvenience attendant upon such a removal, it will not appear at all. On Aug. 6, and regularly every week thereafter, it will be published in St. Louis, whither all letters and exchanges should be sent in future. Each prepaid subscriber's credit will be extended one week. Address, The Review, St. Louis, Mo."

THE CITIZEN again expresses its regret at the departure of Col. Preuss from Chicago. He is, by all odds, the brightest German-American writer on the press. He is sometimes wrong, we think, but there is good stuff in Col. Preuss, and we are sorry to lose him as a local contemporary. However, he will be heard from in St. Louis, and we hope, occasionally, to publish articles, or excerpts of articles, from the bright columns of The Review.

MANLY PROTEST AGAINST CATHOLIC STULTIFICATION.

We are very glad to find a thoroughly national spirit beginning to display itself in the patriotic section of the Irish press. Foremost, it may be said, among the Irish daily papers is this respect is the Irish Independent. There has been altogether too much coquetting of the prelates of the Catholic church with English institutions to please the bulk of the Irish people. The Catholic church in Ireland owes nothing to England but horror and contempt. If England had had her way any time for nearly three centuries before Emancipation, won by Irish effort, under Daniel O'Connell's leadership, every Irish Catholic prelate would have been hanged, drawn and quartered, like Archbishop Plunkett, and every Irish Catholic priest would have swung in chains from the gibbet. Most of the sufferings of the Irish people were visited upon them because they were faithful Catholics, and it is simply exasperating to have their bishops and priests acting, or preaching, "loyalty" to perfidious England. The following scathing leading editorial is quoted from the Irish Independent of recent date:

"The blessing of the regimental colors of a battalion of militiamen by an Irish Catholic bishop is an event which deserves some notice. Some days ago the Most Rev. Dr. Owens, Bishop of Clogher, blessed the colors of the body of irregulars known as the Fifth Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, otherwise described as the Monaghan regiment. After the bishop had performed the ceremony a Protestant clergyman blessed the colors according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopalian church. Dr. Owens, however, has been careful to point out that the Protestant celebrator was not on the grounds while he was performing the ceremony of calling down God's blessing on the particular form of the British colors under which the Monaghan militia have sworn to fight for England. The custom of blessing regimental colors at all seems to be rather out of date; but that they should be blessed on the instalment principle, so to speak, the Catholic functions being supplemented by that of the Protestant, does not appear to be particularly edifying.

"But that, however, is beside the point which really concerns Irish Nationalists. The Union Jack, and every shape that the British flag assumes, are hateful to Irishmen, as they are the emblems which proclaim English domination over us, and the emblems under which, in the past, the forces of England trampled on the rights of our people and shed the blood of men rightly struggling to be free. Whether or not British ensigns are carried by Irish soldiers, regular or irregular, does not affect the question. Indeed, the British colors are never more hateful than when they are carried at the head of an Irish regiment, composed of poor foolish Irishmen, who, if they were half as faithful to their own country as they have been to that of the oppressors of their kindred, might have succeeded in changing the whole course of Irish history. Nor do the colors of the Monaghan regiment deserve any additional respect from Irishmen because Dr. Owens has imparted to them an instalment of the blessing which they have received.

"If that regiment happened to be called out to operate against their own countrymen the fact that an Irish bishop has blessed their colors would not render the slaughtering of their own kindred any more legitimate or justifiable than if they were left entirely to the spiritual ministrations of the Protestant clergymen, who acted on the belief that the blessing of Dr. Owens was not enough. We know that in the past those who fought for Ireland were condemned by the church. In '48 the Tipperary peasants were told that if they killed English soldiers in battle they would be damned. So, as John Mitchel bitterly remarked, they went home to save their paltry old souls,' and left Smith O'Brien and his colleagues to their fate. In '67, 'hell was not hot enough, nor eternity long enough' for the punishment of the brave Fenian men who sought to make Ireland free. But now, when an Irish bishop has given his blessing to the colors of an English regiment, sworn to shoot down Irishmen if they are told, are we to understand that while Irishmen are to be damned if they fight for Ireland, other Irishmen are to be blessed if they take arms in their hands for the ultimate purpose of fighting against Ireland? We leave Dr. Owens to answer the question. We merely state the facts, which, in this case, speak for themselves, if facts ever did. But this we will say, that all the blessings that could ever be conferred on the British flag could not dispel the hatred entertained for it by all Irishmen who are worthy of the name."

AN ENGLISH PAPER ADMITS THAT IRELAND IS DEFRAUDED.

It sometimes seems like beholding a mirage in the desert, the sight of a politically honest Englishman. The Briton is so rooted in his own self-righteousness that whatever he or his nation may do, no matter at what expense to other individuals and nations, seems right to him. It is, therefore, with no small degree of pleasant surprise that we find the following, bearing on the robbery of Ireland, as revealed in the report of the British Financial Relations (between Great Britain and Ireland) commission, in a recent issue of the London Speaker:

"Every honest man in Great Britain," it says, "ought rather, in face of these facts, to ask what ought to be done. Clearly the over-taxation must be removed. The only question is how best to do it. The evidence seems to us to point to two causes of Ireland's over-taxation. In the first place our present imperial taxes, especially our indirect taxes, press unduly on the poor. We levy more in custom duties than any other country in the world. In accordance with the principles of free trade we levy those duties and the corresponding duties of excise on as few articles as possible. It inevitably results that those articles which we tax, and tax heavily, are articles of common consumption, not the luxuries of the few, but the enjoyments—call them luxuries or necessities as you will—of the many. Thus our indirect taxation presses more heavily than that of most countries on the poor. The removal of some of our indirect taxes and the substitution of graduated direct taxes would meet this defect of our fiscal system, and inasmuch as Ireland contains proportionately more poor people than Great Britain, Ireland would proportionately benefit. But frankly we do not see how, by any mere readjustment of imperial taxes, Ireland is to be relieved of the greater part of her burden of over-taxation. We are forced, as the commission have been forced, to the second alternative.

"Ireland has suffered because she has been regarded merely as part of the United Kingdom, whereas, she is in reality a separate entity. The same uniform taxes applied to Ireland and to Great Britain do not produce the same result. The familiar example is the duty on whisky, but there are other taxes which produce under the name of equality a similarly unequal effect. The only cure is to treat Ireland fiscally as a separate entity—to recognize, in other words, the facts of nature. Some of us may think that the only way of doing this is by giving home rule, but it is only fair to remember, on one hand, that Mr. Gladstone's bill as it passed the house of commons in 1893, only gave Ireland very partial rights of fiscal autonomy, and on the other hand that many other countries produce equality without legislative divisions. The one thing which the report makes absolutely clear is this, that the imperial parliament is on its trial. It has a clear duty pointed out to it, dictated by common honesty, but implying, as honesty so often does, a certain amount of self-sacrifice. If parliament fails to do its duty, let us at least have no more cant about killing home rule with kindness."

DEATH OF DR. P. J. O'NEILL.

We chronicle today, with feelings of the most poignant sorrow, the death of our warm-hearted friend, Dr. P. J. O'Neill, of San Francisco, Cal., which occurred at the Sanitarium of San Jose, in the Golden State, on Monday, July 13. It was at his invitation, as representing the Knights of the Red Branch, that we visited San Francisco last March, and the memory of his fraternal kindness on that occasion will never fade away while life remains. He was then, apparently, in the very prime of a vigorous manhood, and his mind was filled with projects for the liberation of Ireland, and the advancement of the best interests of his race in this country. He was an enthusiast on the subject of human liberty, and his love of his native country was something that amounted to a passion. God rest his gallant soul!

We find the following tribute to his memory in the San Francisco Nation of the 18th inst:

"Among all classes of our people there is sincere sorrow felt for Dr. O'Neill's death. The doctor was a thorough going Irish Nationalist, a man of bold ideas, and he had the courage of his convictions. He was candid and straightforward in all things. To Irish affairs he devoted his best energies, for he was heart and soul in the cause of Irish Nationality. No labor was too great for him if by it he could help the cause of the old motherland. That he was a true Irish rebel was indeed his pride. And he was a genuine O'Neill in his hatred of tyranny, hatred of bigotry, hatred of injustice of all kinds. His open character and his zeal in behalf of what was right, his loyalty to his friends, his devotion to his country; these splendid traits gave him the warm friendship of his countrymen. Even men who were not so bold in their ideas, men who believed in less forcible measures than his were admirers of Dr. O'Neill. They respected him for the lofty purpose that inspired him, and although they could not go as far as he, still they extended to him the hand of fellowship. Among Irish Nationalists, the men of action, Dr. O'Neill was at home. He was an inspiration to their work, for he was a disciple of Emmet, Wolfe Tone and of the men whose gallant names will ring down the ages, and be a clarion cry to people of every race to resist the oppression of tyrants. Brave, true, kindly Dr. O'Neill has gone from among us. No more will his voice give us encouragement. Let us remember however what he would have every Irishman do. Let us be true to his ideals and we will not be far wrong.

"Those who knew him, sincerely mourn his death, and the Irishmen of the city showed this in the impressive funeral he received. It was very largely attended, and the floral offerings were very beautiful. The remains had been brought to the city on Tuesday. Wednesday they laid in state at the K. R. B. hall, and there was a steady stream of people calling there all day to have a last look and say a prayer for the repose of his soul. A guard of honor of the K. R. B. Rifles was on duty all day and the night of Wednesday. The funeral services were held in St. Patrick's church, Thursday. High mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock. As the body was borne from the church to the hearse, the Hibernia Military band played a dirge. The funeral procession was led by the K. R. B. Rifles, Capt. Sheehy, headed by their band. A. O. H. Div. No. 2 followed. Bartley Lee, president; Martin Tracy, vice-president; Jeremiah Kelleher, treasurer; Daniel Sheehan, financial secretary, and John Kenny, recording secretary. Then came the Knights of the Red Branch, Wolfe Tone Society, Knights of Tara, followed by a long line of carriages. The hearse occupied a position in the centre of the line.

"The pall bearers were chosen from the different societies with which Dr. O'Neill was identified. At the cemetery the Rifles fired a parting salute over the remains of their old comrade. The floral pieces sent in were very numerous and beautiful. At the head was a very beautiful pillow of choice flowers having the words, "Dr. P. J. O'Neill, Lamh dearg aboo." Over his coffin as it rested in the K. R. B. hall were placed the American and Irish flags, his sword and his military uniform. Over his death there are many sincere mourners in San Francisco. Relatives Dr. O'Neill had few of in this city, but friends he had by the score, and every true Irishman feels a loss in his death. May he rest in peace."

THE death of William Henry Smith, President of the Western Associated Press, which occurred this week deprives American journalism of a man worthy to rank with Joseph Medill and Charles A. Dana as a representative of American newspaper genius. He had been in ill-health for some time, but his death was rather unexpected.

PERSONAL.

Lt.-Col. Moriarity and his officers have proved themselves to be royal good fellows, and have elegantly entertained their friends. There is no more popular regiment comes to our city during the encampment than the Seventh. The officers and men of the Seventh have done themselves proud. They have put in a week working hard, and the showing that has been made is very creditable to both the men and their officers. The record made by the regiment is especially gratifying to Lieut.-Col. Moriarity, who has proved himself equal in every way to the emergency of commanding, in the absence of Col. Kavanaugh, as he took charge of the regiment in a manner satisfactory to all. There is no colonel in camp who has the confidence and support of his field, staff and line officers to a greater degree. The boys in camp will do anything for their colonel. It is with sincere regret that the citizens bid adieu to the gallant colonel and his command.—Springfield Monitor.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

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NATIONAL CONVENTION A.O.H.

Proceedings of the Concluding Session More Fully Given—The Platform as Adopted.

Sympathy With the Cause of Cuba Expressed—Unity of Action in Ireland Strongly Recommended—The National Officers Thanked.

CLOSING PROCEEDINGS.

Thursday morning, July 16, saw every delegate early in his place. It was the largest attendance since the opening of the convention. The Illinoisans had been strengthened on Wednesday morning by the arrival of County President Henely, of Cook county, State Secretary Dan McGlynn, and Brothers Walsh, Fanning, Ard and Kendrick. The absence of these gentlemen and others on committee work left but few to sustain the State reputation on the floor of the convention. Thursday, however, saw all that were in Detroit in their proper places, and their voices were heard in every debate. The business opened with the report of the committee on amendments to the constitution. Very few, if any, important alterations were made in the present laws, nevertheless as the chairman of the committee was compelled to read, not only the approved amendments submitted, but also the proposed amendments reported adversely on, the day was one of long incessant debate, repetition of argument and evident anxiety to "get the floor anyhow." The patience of Brother Weadock was at times sorely tested, but at last some wearied delegate hurried the rejected "hobbies" through with an omnibus motion, and the amended constitution was ordered printed.

The finance committee reported, and a discussion as to the prevailing methods and new ideas occupied much time, every speaker using his time limit of five minutes, but I cannot say any words were wasted as the result cannot fail to produce a better system in future management.

The State President of Michigan announced a grand parade to be held at 8 o'clock, but the members turned to the report on the Gaelic chair, which was made by the Rt.-Rev. Bishop of Detroit, which showed the amount collected and interest thereon almost footed up $50,000. The joy over the nearness of the completion of this long deferred task almost stampeded the convention, but after some difficulty they regained composure, and further action was deferred until the evening session.

The report on military was of little interest, except expressing the desire for the increase of the uniform rank. The convention then adjourned for dinner and the parade.

At 3 o'clock the head of the parade moved from the rendezvous in the Grand Circus park, and headed by Chief Marshal Gerald McCoy, traversed a well chosen route for the display of military tactics.

It has been the writer's good fortune to review many parades, but he is compelled to acknowledge that a finer sight seldom greeted his eyes than that which he beheld from the Russell House balcony when, in columns of fours, the Hibernians swung into Woodward avenue. The military marched company front, the splendid uniforms of the A. O. H. Knights, of black and silver, showing to great advantage. The local divisions wore white duck caps, and carried blackthorn canes trimmed with green ribbon, numbering eleven hundred strong, and marching in true military style.

The Ohio delegation carried Japanese umbrellas, surmounted by small American colors, and constituted a novel feature in the ranks. The parade was a success in numbers, over two thousand being in line, and it was a success in every other way those interested could desire. More military in appearance than usual, with the intelligent obedience to the command of officers required, it impressed the bystanders most favorably. The applause from the ladies' auxiliary, when the delegations passed the Russell House, called forth responsive cheers, which gladdened the heart of many a staunch Hibernian. No praise could do justice to the splendid arrangements which enabled all plans to go through without a hitch. The marshal and his aids are to be congratulated on the manner in which they discharged their duties, and the excellent results accomplished.

After the disbandment of the parade the delegates re-assembled in convention hall to resume their work, and the most interesting session of all followed the stroke of National President O'Connor calling the assemby to order. A committee consisting of Brothers Candee of Buffalo, and Tuohy of Illinois, escorted the leading members of the ladies auxiliaries into the hall and they werh welcomed by President O'Connor, who said that the order would soon feel the benefit of their assistance. Several of the ladies made speeches, thanking the convention for the recognition given them. Among the members were Miss Halloran, of Detroit; Miss Anna Powell, of Rochester; Mrs. Morris, of Montana; Miss Malone, of Iowa; Mrs. Joseph Leahey, of Wisconsin. Miss Mary Laughlin, of Buffalo, who wanted the auxiliaries to to be allowed to form a national organization, expressed her views on the matter, and declared that the delegates from the various states understood that such an organization was to be formed, which was the cause of their coming.

The delegates were astonished at the fluency with which the ladies aired their grievances, and I suspect there was some quiet congratulation among those present that the auxiliaries were not entitled to representation in the National convention. Brother Candee, of Buffalo, delivered an eloquent address of greeting, which soothed the troubled minds of the ambitious auxiliaries, and after mutual interchange of good opinion the ladies retired satisfied that if they had not obtained all they wanted they had spoken their mind anyhow, and in their opinion had the best of the argument.

Next came the reports of the Committees on Grievances, Ritual, Standing of the Order and Foreign Relations. The Committee on Ritual somehow could do nothing, and requested that the composition of a new ritual be left to the National Board of Directors. No other course being open the subject matter, with all suggestions relating to same, was left to the incoming officers to be ready for use by January, 1897.

The Committee on Foreign Relations recommended, in a majority report, the sending of a representative to the convention announced to be held in Dublin, Ireland, in September, 1896. A minority report recommended that no action be taken in relation to the same. A very interesting debate followed, in which the minority report was supported by J. T. Keating, of Illinois, Messrs. Carey and Candee, of Buffalo, and others, while the majority report was championed by Rev. Father Cushnahan, of Utah, Messrs. Slattery and Stratton, of Massachusetts, and many others from different States. After long and eager discussion of the proper position of the Irish-Americans towards the parliamentary factions and the interests of the National cause in relation to the probable outcome of the coming convention, the previous question closed the debate and a vote carried the minority report through, once more emphasizing the position of the Irish-American towards the warring factions which are wearying all lovers of the old cause in the land across the sea. It was now after midnight, and a struggle for and against adjournment ensued, which, after repeated ballots, resulted in adjournment until the following morning.

The fate of all the candidates for positions was settled between the session just closed and the one which, when it met, closed the business of the convention. The desirable position of representative of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America to the so-called race convention was removed from the range of possibilities, and the lines formed on either side of the Ohio river.

Sharp at 9 o'clock all the delegates were seated, and the earnest look on every face betokened the interest of all in the closing events of the convention. The Committee on Resolutions reported substantially the following, which were adopted before some present had any idea the question was before the house:

1. Fidelity to Holy Mother church was reaffirmed, and devotion to the duties of good citizenship emphasized.

2. Control over the political action of individual members was repudiated, and race, religious and class prejudice in regard to political office was denounced.

3. Sympathy, the most profound, was expressed with the cause of liberty in Ireland, in Cuba and throughout the world. In the case of Ireland harmonious action and unity of purpose were strongly advised. Not till then could support be looked for from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which had always enthusiastically aided the cause of Ireland in the past.

4. The organization is to be congratulated on having become better understood, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is quoted as having spoken of it as "a most admirable society."

5. The efforts made to harmonize the members of the body known as the Board of Erin Hibernians with the American Order are highly commended, and a successful issue of the negotiations now in progress is hoped for.

6. In the spread of Hibernian literature a powerful aid to the Order is recognized, and it is declared the duty of each member and each division to accord to journals and periodicals devoted to the interests of Hibernianism their generous material support.

7. A hearty God-speed is accorded to all kindred societies, organized for the promotion of Catholic charity and good works in general. Societies devoted to propagating the cause of Irish liberty and advancing the interests of the Irish race are especially commended.

8. Provisions are made for the publication of a complete history of the Order, the plan to be left with the national officers.

9. The deaths of Brothers Michael D. Fansler and John J. Ratigan, the latter State Secretary of Pennsylvania, are announced with sorrow.

10. The authority granted the national officers at the Omaha convention, to provide for the propagation of the Order, is continued two years further.

11. The Order is reminded that in 1898 will occur the centennial of the gallant Irish rebellion in Wexford and neighboring counties, and the State and County organizations are called upon to observe June 21, 1898, the anniversary of the bloody battle of Vinegar Hill, in a fitting manner.

12. Heartfelt thanks are returned to the National Chaplain, Bishop Foley, of Detroit, for his untiring advocacy of the principles of the Order.

13. Thanks are returned to the clergy, people and press of Detroit for courtesies extended during the progress of the National Convention. Also to the brothers of the Order in the State of Michigan.

14. The national officers are thanked for their successful administration of affairs, and, particularly, for the endowment by assessment of the Order of the Gaelic Chair at Washington Catholic University.

15. Sympathy with American citizens suffering imprisonment in foreign countries for political offenses, is vigorously expressed.

16. The President was allowed $500 for clerical help; the salary of the Secretary was fixed at $1,000, and that of the Treasurer at $200. The bonds of each were fixed at $5,000.

The election of National officers has been already reported.

The National Board of Directors was elected as follows: Chairman, Judge Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, and the three vacancies on the board were filled by M. J. Burns, of Indianapolis; T. J. Mahony, of Omaha, and John D. Murphy, of Norwich, Conn.

Boston was selected as the next convention city.

So closed the fortieth convention of the Ancient Order of Hiberulans. Many matters will doubtless be brought before the attention of the members of the Order through their several representatives on their return to their homes. All should require a full explanation of any matters which may need the same. I will refrain from comment for the present, but in the near future will take the privilege of inviting the consideration of the members for what is worthy of deep thought and needed change.

ER.

AMNESTY.

Men of Ireland, hath an opiate
By some traitor hand distill'd,
Lulled to shameless rest the spirit
That of yore your bosoms filled?
Hath some Lethe-wave, careering
Over mem'ry's ruined shrine,
Stilled the throbbing pulse of duty
To that grand old cause of thine?

There are prison-keeps in England
Where your suff'ring kinsmen groan,
Where but grimy walls re-echo
Blasted Youth's despairing moan,
Where the spirit, rust corroded
By the dungeon's blasting breath,
In one weary round of sorrow
Ekes its lingering way to death.

True they failed; alas! their failure
Was the charter of that doom
Which, by fate decreed, consign'd them
To the dungeon's chains and gloom;
Had Success upon their banners
Shed one consecrating ray,
How the world should hail the felons
As the Kings of Men today!

Tho' no struggling beam of Fortune
On their ceaseless labors broke,
Tho' to dark despair and ruin
From their cherished dream they woke,
Theirs were hearts that beat for Erin
With a warm and fervid thrill,
Theirs were hands that strove for freedom
With a firm and steadfast will.

And shall Ireland, basely fleeing
Duty's mandate, now forget
That she owes the hunted felon
Many a deep and lasting debt?
Shall her sons their stricken brothers
In the hour of need forsake,
And in coward fear devote them
To the sacrificial stake!

"No!" methinks I hear ye answer,
And the thunder of that word,
Thro' the earth reverberating,
In the dungeon's deep is heard;
Thro' the gilded halls of power
Hear the vengeful answer go;
While the lordly jailers cower
At the echo of that "No!"

A. SHERIDAN.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Despite the inclemency of the weather two good football games were brought off on last Sunday at the grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street. The turf was in splendid condition considering the heavy downpour during the early morning. The Emmets and Young Irelands were the first to line up. The Emmets won the toss, and played with a strong breeze in their favor. When the ball was set rolling it was horded by the Young Irelands, who made an incursion into the Emmets' territory and swept the ball to the backs, where a good punt by Myles sent the leather into mid-field and was soon passed to Hall, who scored the first point. Play was resumed, and although the Young Irelands made some desperate efforts to score, lack of team work prevented them from adding anything to their credit, while the Emmets kept on increasing their score, which, at the call of time, stood Emmets 2 goals 6 points, Young Irelands nil.

The O'Briens and O'Connells then shook hands, and the leather was again put in motion, the game was a hotly contested one, an after an hour's play the teams retired with honors even, having scored three points each. The games for next Sunday are Innisfails vs. O'Briens, football, and Sarsfields vs. O'Mahonys, hurling. The two contests will undoubtedly be most exciting, and all lovers of the old national sport will be well compensated by visiting the grounds next Sunday.

"The Arena."

Thore who desire to be thoroughly posted on the great issues now before the country cannot afford to be without the Arena. The question which undoubtedly takes precedence over all other questions at the present time is the money question. This subject is exhaustively dealt with, the editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, in additon to some stirring editorials, contributes two remarkably strong papers to the controversy, one of which embodies the views of such prominent and authoritative thinkers as the noted financier and banker, Jay Cooke, William P. St. John, president of the Mercantile National bank of New York, and Judge Walter Clark, LL.D., of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina. H. F. Bartine, in a closely-reasoned and well-written paper, replies to a recent article in The Forum, by M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, in favor of gold monometallism. Mr. Bartine makes a strong case for the white metal and refutes M. Beaulieu's arguments in a clear and logical manner that is calculated to bring conviction to unprejudiced minds. Other economic and social problems are discussed by live thinkers in this number of the Arena.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as murcury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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IN CAMP.

The Soldier Boys of the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., Learn the Rules of War.

Incidents of the Week—Reception In Honor of the Nationalists of Springfield.

Then welcome be the bivouac,
The hardy stand and fierce attack,
Where pikes will tame their carbineers
And rifles thin their bay'neteers;
And every field the island through
Will show "what Irishmen can do!"
A soldier's life, the life for me,
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free.

Davis.

Tired and sleepy after their night ride, but with heads erect and eyes to the front, the boys of the Seventh Regiment marched from the Wabash train at Springfield on Saturday morning, July 11, to Camp Lincoln, where they were to spend a week learning "the soldier's glorious trade." Altogether there were 610 men in line, and when they entered the parade grounds, in columns of fours, they presented an admirable appearance. No time was lost in taking possession of the tents, each company being led by its captain. Quarters selected, the boys quickly prepared for breakfast, and having done justice to the inner man, rested all day, and were bright and fresh for dress parade in the evening. Sunday morning military mass was celebrated by the chaplain, Rev. E. A. Kelly, of St. Cecelia's church. It was a very pretty sight, and was witnessed by thousands of the good people of Springfield. To some of them our bayonets must have appeared queer substitutes for candlesticks, but then everything about camp wore a warlike look.

After breakfast on Monday morning the Seventh, with the Second regiment and a troop of cavalry, started in heavy marching order for Chinkapin, on the banks of the Sangamon river, eight miles away. It was a scorching day, but the enduring powers and strength of the Irish regiment were proof against dust and blistering sun. They marched right along, whistling and singing at intervals the "Wearing of the Green," and "Marching Through Georgia." At 2 p. m. they arrived at the desired point, and, stacking arms, proceeded to build their fires and prepare dinner. It was here, while swimming in the Sangamon river, that the regiment was deprived of the services of Privates Maloney and Rock, two splendid young fellows, who will be long regretted by their comrades.

Sorrowfully the boys laid down on the ground that evening to await the call to arms in the morning to march to the attack on Camp Lincoln. At daylight the men were up preparing for the march, and fell in under the command of Sergt.-Maj. Kelly, who formed them into squads, platoons and sections, and at the command "forward march," the advance guard, under the command of Maj. Carroll, moved forward, the artillery following. At the oat field, about a mile east of Camp Lincoln, scouts were sent out in front, and with the artillery in the centre and the Second regiment on the left flank, we moved forward to the attack. Down the hill to the plain below our boys rushed, deploying as skirmishers, firing and cheering, forgetting the intense heat in their enthusiasm.

At this point things were getting quite hot, and when the bridge crossing the stream below the camp was reached a significant incident took place. The Seventh's men wanted to take that bridge at any cost, and disregarding the 100-yard limit, were marching and blazing away to rout the First regiment, which was supposed to defend it. A United States officer commanded them to retreat, and then begged the officer in charge "not to let those Irish boys over, because they'd raise h—l." The incident caused much amusement in camp afterwards. The following day the First regiment and the Ninth battalion (colored) had a forced march, and made an attack on the camp on about the same lines as those of the Second and Seventh. Lieut.-Col. D. Moriarity has every reason to be proud of the showing his men made, much of which is certainly due to his excellent knowledge of military matters and his devotion to the regiment.

On Friday, at the review by Gov. Altgeld, as the boys marched by every line was as straight as an arrow, and every man marched like a veteran. As a spectator remarked, "These are the boys that could fight if we needed them; they are real soldiers, not toy ones." Great credit should be given to Capt. Duhig, acting Major. His battalion drill was superb.

On Friday evening, Company D tendered a banquet to friends in Springfield, in the mess tent, about thirty of the prominent citizens of the city being present. Capt. Duhig presided, and Private Daniel T. Cotter had charge of the programme, which included vocal and instrumental solos, speeches and recitations. Private P. F. Holden delivered the address of welcome, and Mr. W. F. Reilly, County President A. O. H., of Sangamon county, responded. Among those who attended from Springfield were the following: Messrs. M. Gaffigan, Robert Connolly, James Roach, Wm. Bachford, Patrick Allen, P. J. Gaffigan, John McGananty, W. B. Barry, P. J. Welsh, Ed. Fines, W. E. Summers, Frank McGark, J. E. Dwyer, P. White, P. Garvey, Peter Quinn, Owen Higgins, Ed. Maloney, P. Dunkin, P. Flatley, and John Foster. There were numerous complimentary things said of the Seventh, and everybody in Springfield looks forward with pleasure to next year's encampment.

Among the visitors to one of Company D's receptions during the week were Gen. Barkley, of the Second Brigade, and Gov. Altgeld's secretary, Mr. Dussy. The general complimented P. F. Holden on his speech of welcome.

All the officers of the Seventh are devoted and efficient, but we cannot close without a word of praise for the energetic young Adjt.-Capt. M. E. Cassidy. Lieut. Mahony also made himself very popular with the boys.

HOW GUNPOWDER IS MADE.

Gunpowder then steadily developed as mechanical skill constructed better and better weapons in which to use it, until today it has reached a perfection of manufacture for various purposes which allows its effects to be foretold in any weapon, even to the time it takes a grain to burn, and to the distance it will drive a shot.

Roger Bacon's gunpowder was made of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal. Saltpeter is chemically called niter, and is a natural product found bedded in the earth in different parts of the world, chiefly in India and China. Sulphur, too, is found in a natural state in many volcanic countries, like Sicily, while, as is well known, charcoal is made from wood or woody substances by heating them almost to a burning heat in an airtight vessel, thus driving off every thing in them but carbon.

Saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal are still the only ingredients of the gunpowder in common use, although a new gunpowder made of different materials is undergoing successful experiment. A mixture of saltpeter and charcoal alone would form an explosive, and sulphur is added chiefly to make it plastic, or capable of being pressed into cakes and shapes. All three ingredients have to be purified by the most careful chemical skill before they are combined. Then an exact proportion of each has to be measured out according to the kind of powder to be made.

For the gunpowder generally used you would find in every hundred pounds if you could separate the ingredients, seventy-five pounds of saltpeter, fifteen pounds of charcoal and ten pounds of sulphur; but it would be almost impossible to separate the ingredients, for they are not merely mixed together as you might mix pepper and salt, but they are ground and rolled and stirred and pressed together by special machines until they are almost sufficiently united to form a single new substance.

This mixing process is called "trituration," and the powder is thus made into the form of big flat cakes, called press-cake, and then broken up, and screened into grains of special sizes, or ground to the fine powder used for shotguns and revolvers. The large-grained powders are still further stirred together until the grains become highly glazed, and these are called cannon powders. A lighted match may be held to a grain of cannon powder and it will be found almost impossible to set it on fire, but once ignited it flashes off very suddenly and violently.—"Gunpower," by Lieut. John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremmer's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, and October 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet (no charge) about western farm lands to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

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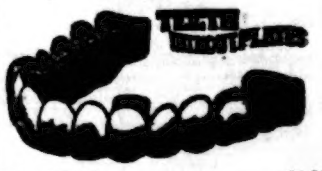

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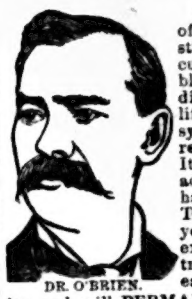

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303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

THE SEA QUEEN WAKES.

She wakes! In the farthest west the murmur
has reached our ears!
She wakes! In the farthest east the Russian
listens and fears
She wakes! The ravens clamor, the winds cry
overhead,
The wandering waves take up the cry, "She
wakes whom nations dread!"
At last ye have roused the sea queen—at last,
when the world unites,
She stirs from her scornful silence and wakes
to her last of fights.
Alone, with a world against her, she has turned
on the snarling crew,
No longer the peaceful trader, but the viking
north seas knew.
She calls, and her ships of battle—dragons her
seas have bred—
Glide into Plymouth harbor and gather round
Beachy head.
She wakes, and the clang of arming echoes
through all the earth,
The ring of warriors' weapons, stern music of
soldiers' mirth.
In the world there may be nations, and there
gathers round every throne
The strength of earth born armies, but the sea
is England's own.
As she ruled she still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimalt,
As long as the winds are tameless, as long as
the waves are salt.
This may be our Armageddon; seas may purple with blood and flame
As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world
a name.
What matter? There have been none like us,
nor any to tame our pride.
If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our
fathers died.
What better? The seas that bred us shall rock
us to rest at last
If we sink with the jack still floating, nailed
to the nation's mast.

—Clive Phillips-Wolley in Columbian.

LOST AND FOUND.

Jane looked the doctor firmly in the face across the little bed as he lifted her sister's limp hand and noted with a professional glance the various particulars of the case. Item 1, high temperature, feeble pulse, blank face, with wide, unseeing eyes; item 2, never any vitality worth speaking of and now neither will nor desire left, the other girl not much better, but wiry and full of a dogged determination; item 3, wretched room, just enough larger than the bed to hold a chair and a table. Jane understood that these items were being entered one by one in the doctor's mind. She saw also that the account was against her. But she recognized that it hardly mattered. She seemed to be incapable of any more feeling on the subject. The doctor took up his hat. She followed him to the door.

"Well?" she said.

"Well," he answered slowly, "she is worn out. She cannot get well unless"—he paused, aware of the mockery of the words and anxious that they should not seem heartless—"unless you can take her away at once to the country, where she can get plenty of air, fruit and ice. The heat will finish her in a few days. I wish I could"— He broke off and looked at her. "I will do what I can." He reached out his hand. She took it mechanically.

The doctor went down stairs with his accustomed dull sense of impotence. He was young, poor and had a wife and four children who were only too much in need of country air themselves. He could not rob them. Besides, there were so many cases like that up stairs. He felt that his sympathy was drying up like an overused well.

Jane went back into her room and sat down by the bed to fan. Her sister said nothing and showed no interest in the doctor or his visit. Her eyes still stared in front of her as if she saw nothing.

Jane sat about an hour, then kissing the sick girl on the forehead she left the room and walked rapidly from the house to the business part of the city. There she entered a large dry goods store and went to the office.

"Let me see Mr. Roberts a moment," she said to the boy. Just then a stout man in his shirt sleeves passed the door.

"Mr. Roberts," she said to him, "I am a clerk in this store. I have had to be absent a great deal lately. Of course I have had to pay the substitute, so that now I'm out of money. My sister is dying. The doctor says she may live if I can send her to the country for awhile. I am the only one she's got. Will you advance me a month's wages? When she's gone, I won't miss a day."

Mr. Roberts was not an unkindly man. He looked at her pleasantly. "My good girl," he said, "this is too bad, but you must realize that in a store like this, where there are some hundred employees, there are many sad cases. We can't attend to them all, and therefore in justice we can't attend to any. The rule is hard, but we have to stick to it. What's your name?"

"Smith," she answered stolidly. "Jane Smith."

"John," he called to a boy, "go tell Carroll to cancel the account for this week of substitute against Jane Smith. There, my girl, you see I do what I can for you. But with all the absences we have to reckon you understand I couldn't do such a thing often. Take courage. Your sister may get well. Good morning! Don't begin another substitute account, for you will need all the money you have." He smiled pleasantly, replaced his cigar and turned away.

Jane went out into the street. She walked slowly along the sweltering pavement. She noticed that a little breeze had sprung up. It gave her a sensation of being fanned back into life. Otherwise she thought of nothing. Every one, even in the intense heat, seemed to be in a hurry. She alone walked leisurely and purposelessly; yet she had a sister dying at home for want of a little air. If anything was done, it must be done quickly; yet she was walking quietly along. It gave her a sense of oddness, and she laughed audibly.

Suddenly she stopped. There on the ground lay a bit of folded green paper. The breeze was tugging at it. She put her foot on it and waited a moment to steady herself. Something ticked in her head. It was money. She looked around quickly and fiercely, stooped, snatched the little paper without looking at it and closing her fist upon it made off into a side street. Her head was seething with thoughts. Perhaps it was not money. It was crisp and tightly folded. How much was it? She did not dare look. Perhaps some one was following her. She turned cautiously and went back a block. She could not detect that any one had an interest in her movements. Turning again, she went on. Her walk had become almost a run. Finally she came upon the starved little park she had been making for. The grass was burned away, but there were a few brown leaved trees and some seats. She sat down, panting. The paper scorched in her fist, but she felt that she could not open it. Eying narrowly the drowsy newsboys on the next bench, she took off her hat as if to cool herself and laid it carelessly in her lap, putting her hands under it. She smoothed out the paper. It was a bill. She was sure of that, though she dared not look as yet. A man passed, and she crumpled it with a start. When all was still again, she lowered her eyes slowly. All this time, though her heart was beating furiously, she herself seemed to have no feeling in the matter. She seemed resolved into the abstract quality of suspicion. She recognized what must be the habitual apprehension of a criminal. Finally she could bear suspense no longer and peered under her hat at the bill in her hands. It was $20. She sat stupefied. A month's wages, a month's wages, picked up in a moment! Her brain galloped on with the thought until the noise it made waked her gradually into a recognition of where she was. She sprang up and almost ran home. Her sister had not moved. Her eyes were still widely open and her hands were listless beside her on the bed.

Jane sat down and took up the fan again. "I am going to send you to the country," she said slowly and tenderly. "The doctor says you will get well in a short time, and I have got the money."

The sick girl turned her head. Her eyes for the first time lost their blank expression. They saw. They looked into Jane's eyes questioningly. Her mind was struggling to receive the idea.

"Think!" said Jane, putting her cheek down to her sister's. "Think of fresh, cool air and nights when you can sleep and fruit and cold water and"— She stopped with a lump in her throat.

The sick girl moistened her lips with a pitiable effort. "The money?" she said in amazement.

"Oh," said Jane, "that's all right. I—I asked Mr. Roberts to give me a month's wages. That's all right."

The sick girl kissed her sister. Her eyes were wet. They brightened like a drooping flower in the rain. She could not speak.

"Now," said Jane after a moment, "I am going to see the doctor. He knows of a nice place where you can go at once. Keep up, dear, for soon you will be well again."

She went down the rickety stairs and turned mechanically in the direction of the doctor's house. In reality she did not see where she was going. She was in revolt against herself. "Why did you lie?" she thought fiercely. "Why did you lie? There was nothing to be ashamed of. You have not done wrong. It is not wrong to find things, and no one has a better right. How could you find the owner if you tried? But you didn't try. Who needs it more than you? Your sister will die without it. Who could have dropped it? Perhaps that was all he had. But the bill is so new it must have come from the bank. He must be rich, then, and the doctor says she must go at once. She was exhausted with the whirl in her head. She found herself at the doctor's house. He was on the steps. "Doctor," she said, "I have got—if I could get $20, could I send my sister away to the place you spoke of? Could she go at once?"

"Yes," said he eagerly, "and the sooner the better. Can you get it? I know it would put life into her, but there is no time to be lost. Can you really get the money?"

The girl was silent for a moment. "If I could get it by tomorrow evening," she said slowly, "would that do?"

"Better today," said he. "She should go now, and I can attend to her getting off. If you are sure you can get the money, I will gladly advance you enough to start her on."

Jane seemed more stolid than ever. "I don't know," she said stupidly. "I am not sure. I guess I'd better wait. Won't tomorrow evening do?" she said with a cry that was almost unhuman.

"Yes, of course," assented the doctor hopefully. "I see no reason why she should die if you can only get her away. Let me know as soon as you can. Every minute counts in this weather."

She watched him with hungry eyes as he went up the steps and then she started down town again. The internal colloquy began where it had been broken off. "You felt like a thief when you found the money. What did you look around so for? Why did you think some one was following you? You felt like a thief, and if you felt like one you are one. And he says your sister should go at once—at once, or she may die. Would you rather be a thief or a murderer?"

The two voices kept it up in her heart until she came to the newspaper office.

"I want to put in a 'found' notice," she said to the young fellow at the desk.

He handed her a blank, saying with careless familiarity, "What have you found?"

"Some money." As she answered she bent all her mind to wording what she should say. Clearly she must tell enough and not too much. At length she gave him back the pad. He glanced at it, counting the words.

"Thirty cents," said he.

She stood amazed. It had not occurred to her that she would have to pay for the advertisement. She took the bill from her pocket. It seemed a frightful thing to break it for so small an amount, and then if it were not hers after all—the colloquy was breaking out again. "Take it out of that," she said hastily in a hardly recognizable voice.

The young fellow looked at her keenly. "By the way," he said, "a friend of mine was in here today to leave a 'lost' ad. It seems he dropped a new $20 bill. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Where?" said the girl, her suspicions on the jump at once.

"Oh," the clerk said, "he doesn't know just where. If he did, he'd have gone and got it. Where'd you find yours?"

"He can answer my advertisement if he wants to," she snapped defiantly, and gathering up her money she went out. Once in the street, the voices made themselves heard. "It isn't stealing, and even if it was why shouldn't you? That fellow would have stolen it quick enough. Do you suppose his sister is dying? The doctor says she should go at once. If you wait until tomorrow, it may be too late, even if the money isn't claimed. A murderer's worse than a thief." She hurried homeward, her mouth set more firmly and a hard look in her eyes. "God," she burst out fiercely, "I have done my best for you! Keep the person that lost it from seeing the advertisement and don't let me be a murderer!"

"Have you seen the doctor?" said her sister as she entered the room. The sick girl's frail, pinched face was startling in its expectancy. "You have been gone so long. Is everything fixed?"

"Yes," said Jane, "for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" said her sister, her face falling blankly. "Tomorrow!"

"That is not long, dear," Jane said soothingly. She went to the window and looked out. "My God!" she thought. "What have I done? Suppose I should have to give the money back after telling her she could go away?"

She took up the fan and sat down by the bed. Hour after hour found the position of the two girls unchanged. Night came and brought no relief. The air was stifling, the room was a furnace, the heated air that entered the narrow window reeked with impurity. The girl on the bed was gradually sinking. Jane found herself praying wearily in a sort of chant: "Don't let her die, God, because I did my best. Don't let her die, for I did my best!" Toward morning she stopped praying and let the fan drop in her lap, but she still sat watching by the bed.

At 7 o'clock the doctor came in with quiet cheerfulness. "I have found a way.' He looked down and paused. He went over to Jane and touched her on the shoulder. "You are worn out. Come to my house and sleep. I will send somebody here."

"It doesn't matter," said the girl. "Can I bury her for $20?"

"No," said the doctor gently, "nor for twice that. If you have any money, keep it. I will send some one. We must take her away very soon, it is so hot. You can come to see her afterward. He waited a moment. "Do you know how?"

"Yes," she said simply, "I know how." She heard a newsboy calling the papers down below. "How long can you give me?" she asked, struck with a sudden thought.

"Not longer than noon," he answered.

"Very well. She will be ready."

He went out sadly. Jane busied herself with the last duties, simple enough in this case. Then she sat down again by the bed and listened for a step on the stairs. Nine, 10, 11 struck. Just before 12 she got up and, taking out the little roll of money, sewed it up in a sort of pocket she had snipped in her sister's gown. "He's had his chance, and he hasn't come for it," she said. "I meant it for you. I did my best, but God wouldn't let you wait." She heard some one coming up the stairs, and bending over she kissed the thin face.

Some one knocked. A young man stood at the door. Seeing the bed, he stepped back and would have passed on, but she stopped him.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely. "I did not know. I fear it is not worth speaking about. I lost a $20 bill yesterday morning on the street. Some honest person found it and put an advertisement in the paper. He gave this number, but there are so many people in the house! I am asking from room to room."

She looked at him. He was dressed in the ordinary fashion, neither poorly nor well. His face was pleasant and respectful. She stood irresolute.

"I was saving the money to go away on my vacation," he continued.

Her face hardened. Her eyes dwelt for a moment on the white flower in his buttonhole. She glanced from him to her sister.

"No," she said, "I didn't find it."

"Good morning!" said he. "I am sorry to have intruded. Can I do anything for you?" She shook her head. "Won't you," he added with embarrassment, "won't you let me give you this flower?" He unfastened it and took a step toward the bed. She sprang forward impulsively. He stopped, thinking she thought him presuming, and stretched the flower to her. After a moment she took it and put it gently in her sister's hand. "Thank you," she said brokenly. At this moment two men in uniform came to the open door. The young fellow slipped away.

One of the men entered and said kindly, "You need not wait."

"No," she said. "I am going."

She took her hat and went down to the store. "My sister died this morning," she explained to Mr. Roberts. "I sha'n't need the substitute any more."

—Algernon Tassin in Lippincott's Magazine.

Natural History Study.

There is an awful lot of humbug about this "natural history study." Why should the robbing of birds' nests be encouraged on the simple statement that it is done for scientific purposes? What are scientific purposes? Of what use to science is a dozen or two of birds' eggs made at the cost of half a hundred times as many ruined nests? Ornithological is an impressive word, but the ornithological science which is killing off all our birds, beautiful for song and plumage, and which yields not a namable benefit, is a delusion and a snare.—Boston Herald.

IT RAINED ARROWS.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF A MAIL CARRIER IN THE SOUTHWEST.

A Prominent San Francisco Attorney Relates a Thrilling Experience of His Boyhood—Sergeant Graves Arrived In the Nick of Time.

Judge Francis Adams, now a San Francisco attorney, was one of the early pioneers of the great west, and few of the old timers have witnessed more thrilling occurrences or participated in more exciting events than he.

"Perhaps the narrowest escape I ever had," said the judge a few days ago, in recalling scenes that antedate the gold discovery, "was an encounter with hostile Indians in the year 1847." And here is the story. It reads like fiction after the lapse of 50 years:

In the above mentioned year Adams, then a boy of 17, was engaged in carrying military mail between El Paso, Tex., and Albuquerque, N. M. The greater portion of the country through which he passed was a desert waste. One piece of the way was particularly dangerous, being in the vicinity of a frequent rendezvous of the Indians, and for the mail carrier's safety and protection a small troop of soldiers was regularly detached from the midway post of Manzana, on the Rio Grande, to meet the mail boy at a certain point of the route at which he always halted and to escort him over that part of the road which was considered unsafe.

The spot in question was generally reached after nightfall. It so happened that the officer in charge of the troops was Sergeant William J. Graves, who afterward became prominent as a lawyer in this state, and who has long since joined the silent majority. Young Graves was of herculean build, braveous a lion and as reckless as he was brave.

Young Adams had on several occasions been hard pressed by savages, but he was well mounted, and his steed had always carried him through unscathed.

No incident worth mentioning had occurred for quite a little period, so that upon one occasion Sergeant Graves felt inclined to take matters rather leisurely. Then, concluding that he would miss the mail carrier if he rode to the point of rocks, the sergeant resolved to strike ahead and meet Adams on the highway.

As usual, the mail carrier halted. It was after nightfall, but the big silver moon made the night radiant and objects could be distinguished clearly for a considerable distance.

The horse was allowed to graze about and Adams sat down to rest. Then he looked toward Manzana for the troopers, but they were nowhere to be seen. Soon the horse pricked up its ears and moved in a frightened way toward its master. Adams knew what that meant, and leading the animal to the cover of some rocks he peered about and discovered that the redskins were quietly closing in on him from all sides.

Delay meant death. Adams put his carbine in order, sprang into his saddle, selected an opening in the Indian line, and, driving his spurs into his horse's side, made a desperate dash for life. The Indians were momentarily disconcerted by the bold movement. Adams used his carbine on the nearest of the enemy, and despite a rain of arrows plunged through the line.

Just as he thought himself fairly in the race to save his scalp, he saw ahead of him in the pale light another band of Indians that he had not calculated on. He whirled to one side, and then a chase against heavy odds began.

For ten miles the painted warriors pursued him, gaining on him every minute.

The arrows pierced his clothing; the Indian yells almost drowned the noise of the hoof beats of his steed. His horse was wounded, but the faithful beast still struggled on. The 64 rounds of ammunition carried by the rider was almost exhausted. The horse fell dead.

At this juncture firing was heard afar. The Indians were staid by sudden terror.

"Frank! Frank! Where are you?" came a powerful voice.

"Here!" cried the prisoner. And through the hostile band Graves had burst his way, knocking Indians to the right and to the left. The Indians scattered like children before him.

"Quick!" cried Graves, leaning far down from his saddle, extending his strong hand and locking it around the enfeebled hand of young Adams. "Swing up behind!"

Adams mounted behind the sergeant. The Indians did not recover from their surprise and shock of the young giant's charge until they were aware of two whites on a single horse riding away in the moonlight at a speed that mocked pursuit, riding away to be joined by the troopers.—San Francisco Call.

The Light of the Moon.

The moon is a mirror which reflects the sunlight to us. An examination of moonlight with the spectroscope shows, of course, the same spectrum as that of sunlight. The quality of the reflection is indicated in the announcement that it would take no fewer than 618,000 full moons to supply to us an amount of light equal to that which we get from the sun, and there is only sky room for, say, 75,000 of them. Some heat comes from the moon, but ordinary methods will not measure it. However, it is estimated that it is about one-eighty-thousandth of the amount which the sun supplies to us. The inclination of the moon's orbit to the horizon accounts for the harvest and the hunter's moon, which occur when the tipping is slightest, thus permitting the moon to rise about the same time for several successive evenings. The moon often appears much enlarged when on the horizon, but this is caused by the refractive feature of the air about the horizon and the natural tendency to compare it with terrestrial objects.—Ladies' Home Journal.

ROYAL PAGES.

Qualifications Necessary to Candidates For a Highly Valued Preferment.

"The pretty page with the dimpled chin," so sweetly sung of by the poet, and who constituted one of the most picturesque figures of mediæval times, still survives.

Royal and imperial pages range in age from 12 to 16 years. They are appointed by the sovereign, enjoy pay prerogatives and perquisites much as do the grown up attendants on royalty and are prescribed certain definite duties. The duties are possibly no more important than in the days of yore, when there was no postal service and the lovelorn princess was forced to rely upon the secrecy and fidelity of her page for the conveyance of messages of her knight or troubadour. But tact and discretion in performing them are probably more necessary now than ever, owing to the popular craving for information of this kind from the pages by persons who imagine that because they are young their tongues are likely to be loose.

To toughen them against such attempts and qualify them for this service the royal pages are subjected to very careful training. At the court of St. Petersburg, for instance, there is a regular college of pages, where they are educated and maintained at the expense of the crown.

Gentle birth is the first qualification for the post of royal page. At the courts of Vienna and Munich an ancestry of no less than 16 generations free from any plebeian strain on either father's or mother's side is required in the candidates. In England and Russia nobility is not demanded. The pages of honor in the court of Queen Victoria are generally sons of distinguished officers of the army or of high dignitaries of the royal household.

On state occasions they wear gorgeous uniforms of blue and silver, and many a fair American who has been presented at one of the drawing rooms of Queen Victoria will recall to mind the appearance which they presented standing slightly behind her majesty or behind the Princess of Wales when the latter officiates in the place of her illustrious mother-in-law. In fact, their duties are limited to attendance upon royalty at drawing rooms, state concerts, state balls and royal weddings.

At the courts of Berlin and Vienna the pages figure at all state ceremonies, clad like those of England in blue and silver. At the court banquets they stand behind the chairs of the royal and imperial personages. These personages on rising from the table sometimes address a few kindly words to the boys and present them with sweetmeats. Indeed, the late Emperor Frederick was wont to amuse himself by cramming their mouths full of bonbons until they could not speak and then plying them with questions demanding an immediate answer or else cracking jokes that were sure to make them laugh.

These pages were chosen for the occasion only from among the best looking boys of the school of cadets at Berlin and from the imperial Theresianum college at Vienna, all the members of which are of noble birth. These schools resemble the American West Point, but the pupils enter at the age of 14 and receive commissions as officers at a much earlier age than in this country.

At the court of St. Petersburg the corps of pages is a sort of imperial school, where a number of lads, sons of noblemen and state dignitaries, both civil and military, are educated at the czar's expense and under his supervision. On attaining their eighteenth year they usually obtain commissions as officer of the regiment of chevalier guards. The czarina maintains a similar institution for girls, who on graduating receive the titular appointment of maid of honor to her majesty.—Chicago Record.

National Flowers.

Until a flower has played an important part in some great historical event, as did the thistle of Scotland and the shamrock of Ireland, or until it has been surrounded by overwhelming sentiment through close and continued association with some distinguished and widely beloved man or woman, as was the case with the cornflower of Germany and the violet of France, it is idle to propose any flower as a national emblem. If, for instance, Lincoln or Garfield had been passionately fond of a particular flower, carried it about continuously, had it when the assassin's bullet was fired and kept it in the hand or by the bedside when the end came, then that flower, whether it was indigenous to this country or imported from the old world, might, without legislative enactment, without any urging on the part of individuals or associations, have become the national flower. Under such circumstances it is not hard to believe that even the blossom of a plant, before generally esteemed a noxious weed, might be taken up and given the place of honor without a word of protest from any one. These are the only conditions under which the people of the United States or of any other country are likely to look upon any particular flower as a national emblem.—Ithaca Democrat.

The Loves and Hates of Nations.

How short lived are the animosities of nations! A few months ago there was no epithet too harsh for the German emperor. He was gibbeted in music hall ditties, he was rallied at in the press, and in society unrepeatable things were said of him. Now there is a distinct revival of the patter about "blood being thicker than water," and we are rapidly returning to the conclusion that the kaiser is a splendid fellow. The naval architects toasted him with enthusiasm, and with happy tact the master of many legions has sent a gold wreath to the First Royal dragoons, of which he is colonel, to remind England that Prussia fought by her side at Waterloo. The truth is that the loves and hates of nations are founded, not on kinship nor on history, but on self interest, and as this changes public feeling changes too.—Saturday Review.

Purcell's Church Music.

In Purcell's great church music, which is far better known than his secular work, he is still full of respect for his works; he is also still dramatic, but dramatic with a difference. He was far too great a man not to see the fine distinction, which foolish people nowadays are apt to ignore, between sacred music and secular; far too great not to realize that, although sacred music must excite nearly all the emotions excited by secular music, or it becomes formal and unhuman, yet it must excite them with a different object and from a different motive or it becomes sensational and sentimental. Many English church composers have fallen into the first error and written music which, as Mr. Barrett says, "is like chaff for dryness and unlike chaff for heaviness." Many foreign composers have fallen into the second—Rossini, for example. Rossini's remark that he "knew only two kinds of music, good and bad," is exactly what might have been expected from the composer of his "Stabat Mater." But Purcell steers a noble course between the two extremes. In his anthem and in his great "Te Deum," the original manuscript of which has been lately recovered by Dr. Bridge, we have the finest work of English church music as well as perhaps the finest work of the master himself.

His connection with Westminster abbey was not the only post of honor he held. He was also organist of the Chapel royal and composer in ordinary to the king, and all this at 25. Besides these regular appointments, we hear of him playing elsewhere—at the Temple church, for instance, on that exquisite organ, which, for chastened and refined beauty has scarcely an equal. At the famous contest between the organ builders Harris and Smith, which lasted for a twelvemonth and became so violent that one night the friends of Harris crept in and cut the bellows of Smith's organ, Purcell was employed to play for Smith. Perhaps it was partly owing to him that the instrument was finally chosen by Judge Jeffreys instead of the one by Harris.—Temple Bar.

Siam Sapphire Mines.

The Pailin mines are spread over an area six miles by two and consist of 13 mining villages, the chief of which are Baw Taka and Baw Dineo. These two are more than four miles apart, but they are joined by an excellent road cut through the forest and well drained. Sapphires are found all over this district. The whole countryside is riddled with holes sunk in the red soil down to the sapphire layer. Formerly the stones were found quite near the surface, but these places have long since been exhausted, although the Burmese still continue to turn over the old heaps in the firm conviction that precious stones grow. Now the stones are found at a depth of from 15 to 25 feet in a reddish, gravelly layer of varying thickness up to 18 inches. The pit sunk is usually some 5 feet in diameter and either square or circular. Soil is raised in bamboo baskets attached to the end of a balanced lever, and when the sapphire layer is reached the stratum is carried to the nearest water and washed carefully for stones. Not more than one shaft in three pays for its working expenses, but when the sapphire layer is struck the profits may be large indeed. It is all a question of luck. To dig and work out one shaft occupies two or three men one month. Two or three Burmese generally go into partnership and hire Laos miners to work for them and sink the shaft at the rate 2 ticals (2s. 8d.) per 18 inches. Occasionally sapphires of considerable value reward the miner, but the sapphires of Pailin are of more commercial value because of their quantity than because of their intrinsic excellence.—London Times.

Air In the Bones of Birds.

It is often said by persons who are not well enough acquainted with the science of ornithology to know whether they speak the truth or not that the bones of the turkey vulture are hollow air chambers, so constructed as to admit of continuous flight with but slight effort on the part of the bird. Of late years it has become the general belief that the bones of almost all varieties of birds are simply air cylinders and that the lordly turkey vulture and the condor are not better provided for in that particular than a host of smaller birds.

In order to get some scientific light on the subject, Dr. Crisp dissected 52 species of birds, great and small, but found only 13 in which the wing bones were hollow, and only one, the sparrow hawk, appeared to have the bony air chambers perforated. In 38 others examined by the doctor there were no signs of air in the bones, although in this list there were several birds of long and rapid flight. Dr. Crisp's conclusions are that there are but few birds which have been provided with natural air chambers, and that in cases where the provision is made it is not of such material benefit as has been generally supposed.—St. Louis Republic.

A Gifted Genius.

The new reporter had admitted that his knowledge of newspaper work was slight, but as the staff was short he was taken on. That he was a good man he showed that evening in a style peculiarly his own.

He had been taking a late supper at an all night restaurant, and some little controversy arose while he was there. Grasping at once the fact that this was a news item, he stopped not to witness the trouble, but rushed to the office.

"Say," gasped he, out of breath. "there's a man trying to kill the waiter over at the Australian restaurant, You'd better send a reporter over there right away."—Louisville Commercial.

The Experienced Chosen.

"Standing committees in our club?" said the new woman. "Certainly. All formed of members who are in the habit of riding in the trolley cars."

The man, in conscious guilt, blushed vociferously, as Mr. Stephen Crane might say.—Indianapolis Journal.

MAKING CHINAWARE.

Interesting Description of How the Work Is Done In Worcester, England.

Close beside Worcester cathedral are the ugly workshops and tall chimneys of the Royal porcelain works. When we watch the thrower molding on his magic wheel the plastic clay we are filled with wonder at his skill and ask ourselves whence came the clay which takes so readily any form the potter wills. The flint bowlders found upon the plains of Brittany in France, feldspar from Cornwall and Sweden, bones from America, besides other things, all pay tribute. These unlikely constituents are calcined and then ground exceedingly fine in mills. The grinding takes from 12 hours to 6 days. It is a sight worth seeing, those powerful mills racing round the deep trough (made out of stone from Derbyshire) weighted with heavy blocks, churning each material, for each is ground separately, into a thick white cream. When finished, the liquids are strained through fine hair sieves, and all particles of iron withdrawn by means of magnets. The different ingredients are then mixed together in proper proportions and kneaded into the required consistency, and then the clay is ready for the thrower.

The art of molding clay has become much more exact since the employment of plaster of paris molds. After the thrower, with the help of his wheel, has roughly shaped the clay into what is termed the "lining," it is taken off the wheel and put into a plaster of paris cast, which, in turn, is placed upon the whirling wheel, and the "lining" is then deftly molded to the exact shape. As plaster of paris absorbs moisture quickly the lining is soon firm enough to be handled. It is then "turned" like ordinary wood or metal, and has handles, which have been molded in plaster of paris, fixed by the same clay.

It was always a puzzle to our minds how the handles were induced not only to stick on to the jugs and cups, but to bear the weights of the same cups and jugs when full of liquid. The porcelain is then ready to be baked. For this it is packed in fireproof baking dishes called "seggars" and supported on every side by powdered calcined flint. These seggars are made to fit exactly one upon the other, although they are of different sizes and depths, and they are arranged in columns side by side in the oven. This oven is then bricked up and eight fires are lighted and kept burning for 48 hours, night and day. The oven takes four days to cool, and then the contents are unpacked and are ready for a variety of processes.

Most of the china is glazed, an operation requiring care and skill. The articles are bathed in the liquid glaze—a muddy looking broth—and the greater part of the superfluous glaze shaken off. But it is impossible to free them perfectly; besides, the fingers leave marks which have to be removed after the glaze has been dried in a hot room. Women and girls are employed for this work. The ivory glaze is a delicate salmon pink before it is baked, the white a dark drab. After it is glazed, the pottery, for the second time, is packed in seggars and baked. After this the colored china is painted and baked again. The gold is also baked in. Few people know that the gilt on china is the purest gold that can be bought. It is ground with mercury and turpentine into a black looking paint and applied with a fine camel's hair pencil. Boys are trained for this work from 14 years of age, it being nearly impossible for older people to acquire the accuracy of eye and hand necessary. It is a great drawback to the production of artistic pottery that the coloring is totally different in the paint to the result after burning. For instance, gold paint is black before and dull gold afterward; the brightness is produced by polishing it with an agate. Other colors are obtained from metallic oxides; iron gives red, cobalt, blue, etc.—Boston Transcript.

In Griqualand.

The scene is laid in Griqualand East, a dependency of the cape of Good Hope; the place, a country schoolhouse, situate in a wide, open plain, with "bush" and "dongas," or gullies, in the distance. The master receives a government grant. The parents also pay him a small fee monthly. Number of pupils, 18, farms being 3,000 and 6,000 acres each and only very partially fenced. The boys and girls all come to school on ponies. These graze about until the joyful signal is given and the school is out. Saddles for both sexes consist generally of sheepskins, and bridle reins are probably made of "reins"—that is, untanned strips of hide.

Time, 2 p. m. There are always natives about who assist in catching and "saddling up" the ponies. Ten or twelve of the youngsters have to travel in the same direction. Hurrah now for a hurdle race. There are two water jumps on the homeward bound "course." It is a grand helter skelter. The ponies enter into the fun. Any youngster who quits his or her sheepskin must catch the pony and scramble up as best he or she can. The winner is generally a girl who has taught her brothers to ride. These children would feel the restraints of English life terribly. The mothers in the old country lift their hands in horror and exclaim, "Surely these children will break their necks!" And what does this heathenish writer mean by "water jumps?" Bless your anxious hearts, the children are not hurt; they tumble on the turf quite comfortably, and those ponies that don't jump the brook go through it. As to the wetting, that matters but little with a Griqualand temperature, and perhaps a thunderstorm gives them wetting No. 2. But those clever ponies can generally make the shelter before the storm overtakes them.—Chambers' Journal.

An Indication.

"Are they contemplating wedlock?"

"I think so. He gave her a gold bracelet with a padlock, and he carries the key."—Detroit Free Press.

LUXURIOUS EUGENIE.

Under Her Rule Paris Became a Scene of Extravagant Fairyland.

There was a sort of intoxication in the very atmosphere of Paris, a fever of enjoyment—a passion for constant amusement, for constant excitement, and among women for extravagance in dress. This was encouraged by the court, with the intention of giving an impetus to trade and of gaining popularity by favoring constant festivities, and consequently constant expense. In the days of Louis Philippe there had been great moderation in all matters of luxury; the king and queen were aged, sensible and economical; the young princesses were kept within rigid bounds by example above them. But when the emperor came to the throne, after a period of revolution and consequent commercial stagnation, he wished to revive trade, and also to give the prestige of splendor to a court which so many did not seem to take in earnest. His beautiful wife, suddenly raised to a supreme position for which nothing in her previous life had prepared her, finding what seemed unlimited means within her reach, keenly enjoyed the possibility of procuring everything that pleased her, and enhanced her remarkable personal attractions by all the advantages of exquisite toilet without consideration of cost.

Everything that she wore suited her admirably. Others tried to imitate her, and the general tone became raised. She had the art of constantly choosing something new and unusual, which attracted attention, so that, instead of being satisfied with conventional types of silks and satins, which formerly had been considered sufficient for all occasions, every one tried to invent something different from others and to improve upon what had been seen before. Consequently, not only in dress, but in all matters of taste and luxury, there was an eager struggle to outvie others, to reach a higher degree of splendor, and extravagance became universal. Paris was a sort of fairyland, where every one seemed rich and happy. What lay underneath all this would not bear close examination—the dishonorable acts of all kinds which too often were needed to produce the glamour deceiving superficial observers.—"Life In the Tuileries," by Anna L. Bicknell.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

She Killed a Cobra, Saved Her Husband and Then Fainted.

"Women," remarked a rather patronizing young man, "possess a certain courage of endurance, but when it comes to the facing of an alarming danger they weaken and succumb to nerves."

"I hate to be personal," said a woman, "but I once faced what you will admit was an alarming danger. My husband, who was stationed in India, was stricken down by fever. On the day the crisis was expected the doctor said that his life hung on a thread, but there was still a chance of recovery if he should fall into a natural sleep which remained unbroken for a certain length of time.

"After hours of tossing and moaning I had the joy of seeing him pass into slumber, which grew more natural as I sat, almost holding my breath, across the room. When hope was becoming joyful assurance, through the long window a large hooded cobra glided into the room and made straight for the bed, raising its head and softly hissing.

"For one horrible instant I was paralyzed, while the snake reared and swerved about to insinuate itself among the pillows. But it dropped and coiled itself on the floor beside the bed. The power of motion returned to me, and I crept across the room, raised my foot and ground my heel into the flattened head with its coldly glittering eyes. The creature writhed furiously, coiled itself around my ankle like a vice, but I held my ground till the folds relaxed and I knew the snake was dead. The doctor found me on the floor in a dead faint when he called. My husband recovered rapidly, and treasured as his dearest possession a worn kid slipper."—Philadelphia Press.

Why Spitz Quit.

Germany has been on the verge of a cabinet crisis for several weeks. The first warning of the trouble among the highest officials of the empire was given by the fall of General Von Spitz. Nobody has explained just why Spitz fell, but in an article that attempts to do so the Cologne Gazette suggests reasons that probably will seem more than sufficient to persons outside Germany. The Gazette says that it was incumbent upon him in his department to attend to the Strafvollstreckungsangegelegenheiten, the Militaergefaengnisswesen and the whole Militaerjustizwesen. Besides, his office required that he take charge of all the bills regarding the Militaerprocessordnung and consult with the chancellor as to the supreme Richsmilitaergerichtsinstanz and the supreme Reichsmilitaergerichtshof. Is it any wonder, then, that when he foresaw the failure of the Militaerstrafprocessentwurf he felt moved by Gesundheitsruecksichten to quit?—New York Sun.

A Friend In Need.

"My dear friend, I must ask you to lend me at once 100 marks. I have left my purse at home, and I haven't a farthing in my pocket!"

"I can't lend you 100 marks just now, but I can put you in the way of getting the money at once!"

"You are extremely kind!"

"Here's twopence. Ride home on the tram and fetch your purse!"—Neueste Nachrichten.

The Three.

A serious looking person had charge of the grammar division of a school examination and gave a bright looking boy this sentence to correct, "Between you and I this is good butter." The boy shortly returned the slip marked thus: "Incorrect. The lamppost is omitted."—Exchange.

A Model Mother-in-law.

In his recently published autobiographical reminiscences Frederick Locker Sampson relates this amusing experience:

Elizabeth, countess of Elgin, was my mother-in-law. She was gifted, had many virtues and a few oddities. She had a passion for cold air. In 1850, not very long after my marriage, she honored me with a visit at 19 Chester street. You know that through all my life I have been more or less of a valetudinarian, a shivery animal. I have also been a person of gentle manners. Well, one unlucky winter afternoon, on returning from the admiralty, I found my home desolate—cold, empty and comfortless. The drawing room was nearly pitch dark and very cheerless, for the fire had been allowed to go out, and though the curtains were drawn a window was wide open. All this depressed me and constrained me to heave a wholly languid and only half audible malediction. I had an unlighted flat candlestick in my hand, and my first act was to drop out the candle. This produced another, a more audible, imprecation. I rapped out a good round oath—an oath as round as possible.

However, having picked up and replaced the candle, I continued to grope my way to the writing table for a match, but in doing so I stumbled badly over an abominable foot stool and dropped candlestick, candle and extinguisher with a clatter on the carpet. This completely demoralized me. I broke into a storm of execration, long, deep and prolonged, but not launched at anything in particular. I again essayed to find the table, but stretching forth my hand in the darkness I laid it, not on the lucifers, but—can you conceive it?—on the upturned face of my respected mother-in-law, who all this time had been lying prostrate on the sofa. I do not know if she had been asleep—that I shall never know—but I should think not, for she said in the most wide awake, mellifluous tones of her very pleasing voice, "Is that you, dear Mr. Locker?" This was all she said. She never said anything more. Heaven bless her!

The Original Smoker.

The learned Camden speaks of Lane as the original English smoker. It is remarkable that so much doubt should have existed among writers even in Eliza-Jacobean times, both as to the date when tobacco was first received in this country and the person by whom it was first introduced. The painstaking annalist Stow says that tobacco came into England about the twentieth year of Queen Elisabeth (1557). But Aubrey, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, says that "he was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion (1586). In our part of North Wilts—e. g., Malmesbury Hundred—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyle say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir Walter Raleigh, standing in a stand at St. Ro. Poynts's parke at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitte it till he had donne."

The author of a gossipy "Tour In Wales" (Pennant), in 1810, speaking about the great houses and their associations, says that Captain Price of Plasyollin, with Captains Myddelton and Koet, on their return from the Azores in 1591 "were the first who had smoked or (as they called it) drunk tobacco publickly in London, and that the Londoners flocked from all parts to see them. Pipes were not then invented, so they used the twisted leaves, or cigars. The invention is usually ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. It may be so, but he was too good a courtier to smoke in public, especially in the reign of James." Again, in the 1659 translation of Dr. Everard's "Panacea" (Antwerp, 1587) it is remarked that "Captain Richard Greenfield and Sir Francis Drake were the first planters of it here (England) and not Sir Walter Raleigh, which is the common error, so difficult is it to fix popular discoveries." These few selections show us how easily origins are lost sight of.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Attempts to Cheat the Treasury.

Frauds on the redemption division of the treasury are constantly being tried. What are called "drawer scraps" are presented almost every day with demands for new money in exchange. These are the torn off fragments of notes which are found in tills and cash drawers. A young man employed in a New York bank once sent in a boxful of them, claiming $200. They were the result of many sweepings carefully accumulated. Unfortunately, they represented $1,000 or more, if anything, and the youth was lucky to escape prison. An Ohio woman not long ago mailed to the treasury a number of rolled up pellets of paper, which she said represented a $5 note torn up by a child. The pellets were straightened out and found to be 13 center strips cut length wise from as many $5 bills. It is hardly necessary to say that the woman got nothing in return. People seem to think that Uncle Sam is precious green; at the same time the redemption division does get cheated now and then, undoubtedly.

Late in the year 1892 it was discovered in the redemption division that the full number of $500 notes of the series of 1874 had been redeemed. Nevertheless, notes of this series were still coming in for redemption. At first it was thought that there had been an overissue by some strange mistake. Accordingly all of these notes from that time on were withheld from the customary destruction, and their numbers were registered for the purpose of seeing if duplicates would appear. But no duplicates did appear, and it is now believed that the trouble arose from an error on the part of the officials appointed to act as a destruction committee. They must have made a mistake in their record of notes destroyed, putting down the figures 1874 instead of those of some other year.—Philadelphia Times.

Society Directory.

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County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch 520 W. Erie-st.

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The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
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DIVISION 9.

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Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
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Grant's Offer to General Pickett.

We all criticised Grant for that drastic war measure of his by which he discontinued the exchange of prisoners, but he certainly behaved very handsomely to Lee and Lee's troops at Appomattox. And when he became president he was kind in giving places to ex-Confederates. Longstreet himself profited by Grant's friendship in that way. Grant offered to make General Pickett a United States marshal for one of the Virginia districts, but Pickett declined the office, telling Grant that as popular as Grant was with the people, he (Grant) could not afford to make such an appointment. This was as much to say that Pickett could not change his affiliations, and that for him not to do so would be to injure Grant in the view of the northern public. President Davis spoke very kindly indeed of General Grant in a letter published about the time of Grant's death. Indeed, Grant stands far higher in the estimation of southern veterans than any other general of the war on the northern side.—Richmond Dispatch.

Bernhardt's Debut.

"The divine Sarah" has just been describing the emotions that shook her when she appeared for the first time on the boards. "I can picture the evening as though it were now. The excitement—oh, it was so grand!—drew forth my inmost passion, for I was very young then, you know, and it gave me zest and fervor for the ordeal I had to face. I can see the little theater and the people seated in the audience. My heart for the moment seemed to stand still. The first words I uttered fell from my lips with distinct fervent. I made one grand step forward, and then all my nervousness vanished."

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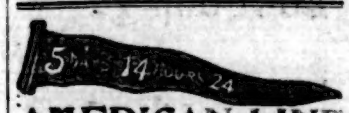

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